Letters of
Thomas E. Thomas

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LETTERS

OF

THOMAS E. THOMAS

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LETTERS OF THOMAS E. THOMAS, TO HIS CHILDREN AND OTHERS, MAINLY ABOUT THEIR EDUCATION. ALSO LETTERS RECEIVED BY HIM

CINCINNATI
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INTRODUCTORY

THE Rev. Dr. Thomas E. Thomas, was born at Chelmsford, England, in 1812; and died while Professor of New Testament Exegesis in Lane Seminary, at Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1875.

Meanwhile, he was graduated at Miami University; had taught school at Rising Sun, Indiana, and at Franklin, Warren County, Ohio; had studied for the ministry and served his first pastorate at Harrison, Butler County, Ohio; had been about ten years pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Hamilton; had been for five years President of Hanover College in Indiana, and then for about four years Professor in the Theological Seminary at New Albany, which, removing to Chicago, became the McCormick Seminary.

In 1858 he removed to Dayton, Ohio, where for about thirteen years he was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, and until his removal to Walnut Hills.

In 1840, Dr. Thomas married Lydia, daughter of Nathaniel Fisher, of Northboro, Massachusetts. Their children were Mary May, married to Col. Edwin A. Parrott at Dayton; Elizabeth R., married to Theo. Kemper, at Walnut Hills; Alfred A., married to Jennie L. Head; John H., married to Linda R. Rogers; Leila Ada; Nathaniel F., married to Anna Rhodes; and Ebbie and Willie, who died in childhood.

The mind and promise of Willie, who died perhaps from overstudy, or too early return to school after scarlet fever, seemed most like his father.

Little record is left of him except this programme of the day which in the boy's handwriting is now in his oldest brother's scrap book. It was written when Willie was nine years old.

Pro-gramme of the day. june 29th

Get up at 6 oclock. do anything till breakfast at 7. bring wood, and feed the chickens till 9. Weed the garden from 9 to half past 9. Learn lessons From half past 9 to 10. Read from 10 to half past 10. From half past 10 to 12 play horse. From 12 to half

past 1, eat dinner bring wood and feed chickens. Play soldier from half past 1 to 3. Read from 3 to half past 3. From half past 3 to 4 play ball. From 4 to 5 learn lessons. Feed Chickens, eat supper and bring wood from 5 to 7. Look at pictures from 7 to a quarter past eight. at a quarter past 8 go to bed.

Will Thomas
june 29th
1868

Ebbie died over fifty years ago. In Woodland Cemetery at Dayton, the bodies of these boys rest beside their father; and upon his tombstone is their joint epitaph:

"Why did they die so early?
Because morning cannot last till noon
nor spring through summer."

I

FROM HIS FATHER

Venice, (Butler Co. O.), Aug. 8th, 1829.

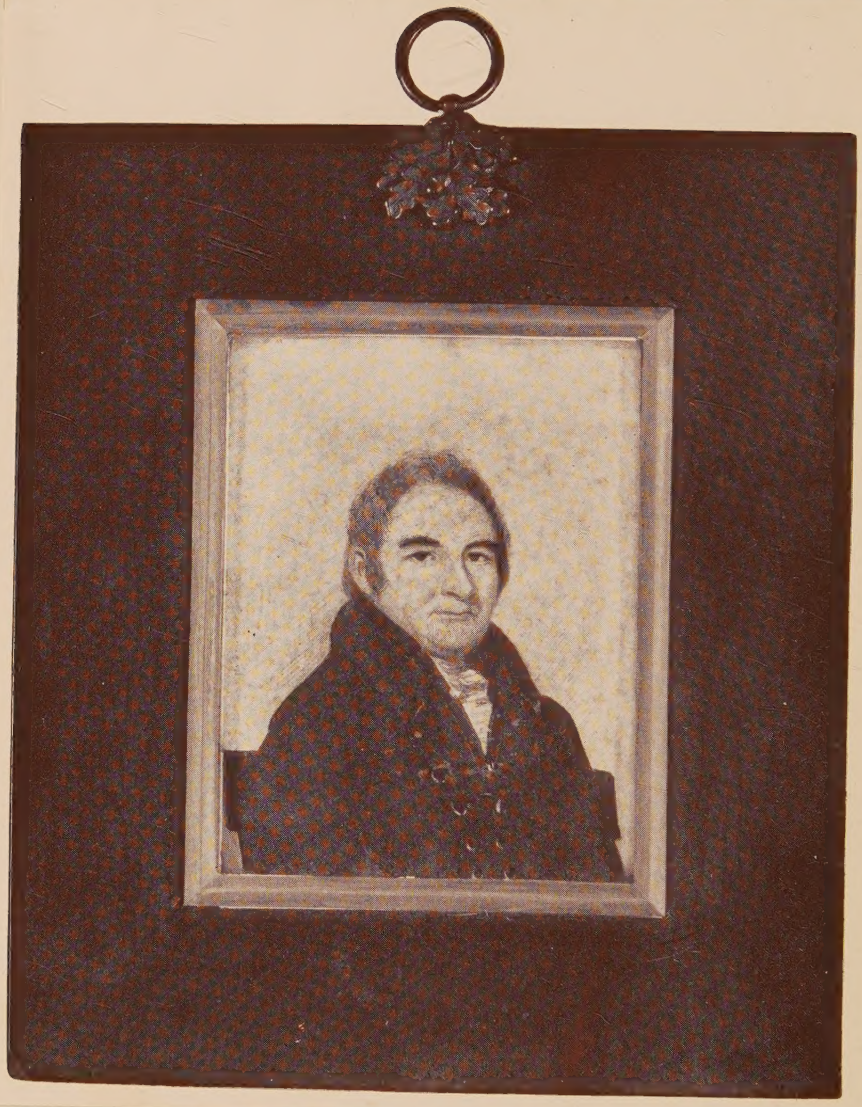
My dear Son,

On Monday, July 27th, I commenced my journey to meet Mr. Thomson.* The creeks were very full, and the roads very muddy. Mr. Thomson and myself met at Mr. Hughes and stayed all night.

Tuesday, the 28th. We rode to Elizabethtown, four miles from Mr. Hughes, and left an appointment to preach as we returned. We rode seven miles farther to a Mr. Carmichaels, three miles west of Lawrenceburg; here we left an appointment to preach as we returned. Thence we proceeded west 16 miles, expecting to preach that evening; but the people had not received Mr. Thomson's letter, and, of course, no appointment was made.

The next day, Wednesday the 29th, I preached at 11 o'clock; and Mr. T. preached at four in the afternoon. This is quite a country place, called the Ridge, between Hogan Creek and Lochry Creek. The people attended well and appeared to receive the Word with gladness. We proceeded the same evening eight miles, in a direction nearly south, to preach at a country place called Murray's settlement. That was the most uneven and difficult road that I ever traveled: the night was on; we lost our way; we fully expected to remain in the woods all night; but after long groping through woods and hollows, we found a house, called the people up, and the man offered to conduct us two miles for 50 cents; but we gave him 50 to let us stop in his house until morning. I preached at Murray's at 10 o'clock the next day.

*The Rev. John Thomson, for many years, and until 1832, pastor of the Springfield, now Springdale, church. For some account of this surely remarkable man, whose sons were of the little group who had the distinguished honor of founding Wabash College, see (1) note, page 30, of "Correspondence of Thos. E. Thomas, Mainly Relating to the Anti-Slavery Conflict in Ohio, Especially in the Presbyterian Church." Published by his sons, 1909. (2) "The Story of a Country Church," by Chas. W. Hoffman, Western Tract Society, Cincinnati, 1902.



THOMAS ROBINSON OF LONDON

Father of Elizabeth, (Mrs. Thomas Thomas); of Sarah, (Mrs. Edward Stallybrass); and of Mary, (Mrs. Thomas Spencer).

Thursday, the 30th. We proceeded 12 miles farther south and Mr. Thomson preached at a farm house about three miles from Vevay.

On Friday, the 31st, we arrived at Vevay. I preached on Friday at two o'clock, and again in the evening. Mr. Thomson preached in a country place six miles from Vevay; on Saturday morning I preached. Mr. T. preached in the afternoon; and I preached among the Swiss.

On Sabbath, Aug. 2nd, we had prayer-meeting at eight in the morning. I preached at 11; then we administered the Lord's Supper, and took in thirteen new members. I went four miles out of town and preached at night; and Mr. T. preached at Vevay. We had another meeting at sunrise on Monday morning, and then took our leave. Our meetings were very solemn and profitable.

Give my kind love to your room-mates. I shall be glad to receive a letter from you, as soon as convenient.

That you may enjoy health of body and peace of mind, rise to great honor, as a learned, holy, useful man in this world, and eternal glory in the world to come, is the earnest prayer of

Your affectionate father,

Thos. Thomas.

To Thos. E. Thomas,
Miami University.

NOTE — Rev. Thomas Thomas, father of Rev. Dr. Thos. E. Thomas, of Welsh parentage, and born in 1776, at Wem, in Shropshire, England, was while young, a shepherd lad, and afterward worked as a coal miner. He became converted, and a member of that denomination known as the Independent Church. When about twenty six years old, his piety and eagerness to learn attracted the notice of Thomas Wilson, Esq., whom my father mentions as a well known philanthropist of London, who sent him to Hoxton Academy in London to pursue a course preparatory to the Gospel ministry. Thomas Thomas then, in his diary, recorded that, "he had such a sight of his own ignorance as made him afraid to go out of the house; he could scarcely write, and his own name was all he could spell with certainty."

According to the custom of the Independents, he soon began preaching daily, sometimes in churches, more often at taverns and in public highways; and to this practice he owed that vigor and fluency in extempore speech for which the Independents as a body were distinguished. His diary records he "spent much time in singing," and my father adds, "My father had a sweet and powerful voice; was a master of vocal and instrumental music; and spared no pains then and in later life, to cultivate sacred song among the young people of his charge."

In 1806, he became assistant pastor of the Independent church at Chelmsford, in Essex, where he preached for the next ten years. Meanwhile he had married, in 1808, Elizabeth Robinson in London; and at

Chelmsford were born to them, Mary, afterwards Mrs. Nelson Gilpin of Hanover, Ind., Thomas Ebenezer, whose correspondence is here published; and Elizabeth, afterwards Mrs. Chas. Burrowes of Franklin, O.

I quote from my father's abstract of his father's diary:

"1814.— Toward the close of March, my father preached his farewell sermon to the church of Chelmsford, before a thousand people, who were affected beyond description." He says:

"I told them that it had been my desire and determination, if I should ever leave them, to preach from Acts, 20—"I am clear from the blood of all men," but it was not in my power to do so. I should therefore, preach on Eph. 6, 10, to the end,—"Finally, brethren, be strong in the Lord," etc. I spoke with great solemnity, with many tears, and left the place of worship where I had preached for ten years, never to enter it more."

Before leaving, he records:

"All the church and congregation, with many others, came to see me in my own house. A prayer meeting was held there every night for about two weeks, at which different persons attended in rotation, because there was not room enough for all at once. The prayers and tears I shall never forget; and I believe that many of the kind interpositions of Providence, which I have since experienced, have been in answer to these fervent supplications."

After living in Knottingley, Yorkshire, where were born Alfred, afterwards married to Mary Eliza Fisher, and now living in Washington, D. C.; also Sarah Robinson, now living at Franklin, O., and after organizing a Lancastrian school, he records: "While the dark clouds of political troubles rolled thickly over our heads, my mind hankered after America; and my wife, who was long averse to so long and difficult a journey, consenting to leave our native land we, (self, wife and five children), sailed from Liverpool Sept. 9, 1818." The family landed at Baltimore, where Thomas E. Thomas records, "One of the first sights my father saw in Baltimore, was the public whipping of a negro slave, which quickened his natural, deep abhorrence of slavery."

He hired a wagon to take his family over the mountains; built an ark at Pittsburgh, and floating down the Ohio, after many dangers and hardships, reached Cincinnati Feby. 9, 1819. At Cincinnati, he lived about a year: he refused to join the Presbytery, and organized a Union Missionary Society, based on the plan of support from all the different denominations. To service under the support, or rather in the support of this organization, he gave the remaining years of his life; much of the time itinerating on horseback, and organizing little flocks, and preaching in southwestern Ohio. He started schools and churches among the Africans, as he always called them, whom he found ignorant, abused and neglected.

At Cincinnati, a daughter, Ann, was born, since Mrs. David Linton of Wilmington, O., now living in Kansas; and afterwards a son, John, married to Huldah Little, now living in Chicago.

In 1820, Thomas Thomas removed his family to the Welsh settlement at Paddy's Run, Butler Co., O., where a congregation of Independents had gathered, with doctrines "evangelical but not sectarian," and over which he became pastor. Here he and his wife established a school where the higher branches were taught, till 1828, when he became pastor of the Presbyterian church at Venice in the same county. He died Oct. 31, 1831.

(A. A. T., written in 1893.)

II

FROM REV. EDWARD STALLYBRASS

Missionary in Siberia

Siberia, River Khodon, Oct. 11, 1833.

My dear Nephew:

Your letter has at length come to hand; but not till one of those to whom it was directed was numbered with the dead. You will most probably have heard from England of the removal of your dear aunt from this state of trial to one, I trust, of eternal enjoyment.

I was happy to learn, both from your uncle Thomas, and also from your own letter, the nature of your studies and prospects. I trust it is your desire and purpose to devote them all to the promotion of the glory of God in the work of the gospel; and that He will be graciously pleased to employ them for this end. I was also gratified to hear of the advantages which you enjoy, and especially of the disinterested kindness of your professor and of other friends. May the Lord reward them ten-fold for their kindness; and may you be enabled to prove to them that it was not, so far as it related to yourself, ill bestowed!

I was pleased with the account you gave me of your studies. And in return I will tell you what your cousins are doing. But you must make all the allowance for them which their having three, so to speak, vernacular languages to learn, and having had no other teacher than myself and your dear aunt, requires. The three languages are Russian, Mongolian and English. The foremost of these they learned first; in the second they are most at home; and the third has been most difficult of acquisition. Some of them have also added to these a partial knowledge of Thibetan, the sacred language of Lamaism. * * * Their loss in the removal of their dearly beloved mother is great indeed. * * * What pleasure did it afford us to learn by your dear mother's letter that four of you accompanied your dear father and mother

Sarah Robinson Stallybrass
Thomas Spencer and Wife

Rev. Edward Stallybrass
Elizabeth Robinson Thomas

to the Lord's table on the last Sabbath of his ministrations upon earth!

* * *

We have obtained the sanction of the government for the printing of the Old Testament, and I have forwarded my version of the Pentateuch to St. Petersburg for censorship, (without which no work may be printed in this country). I am now revising the Psalms and the books of Solomon, after which I hope to revise Daniel and the Minor Prophets, which will complete my share of the work. The New Testament was translated by other hands, and parts of it are in circulation among the people. I have now been preaching in the Mongol (?) language more than ten years. * * * I have also composed a few hymns which are sung by my pupils, of whom I have at present ten.

Earnestly desiring the divine blessing to rest upon you, to fit you for labor and to bless your efforts, with best love to your dear mother and brothers and sisters, I remain

Sincerely and affectionately yours,

EDWARD STALLYBRASS.

NOTE — Rev. Edward Stallybrass married Sarah Robinson, who was a sister of Dr. Thomas' mother. Mr. and Mrs. S., immediately on their marriage, went, at the instance of the London Missionary Society, to Siberia. Four children, born in Siberia, grew up: Sarah married Adolph Sonnenschein, a teacher and author in London; and three sons, Edward, William and John, are now ministers of the gospel in England. Mrs. Stallybrass died in 1833, at the mission on the Khoden, leaving the memory of a beautiful life. She was buried in that distant land: her biography, made up mainly from her letters, was published in London.

When in St. Petersburg on their journey out, the Czar gave them a private interview; expressed high appreciation of their devotion, and with evident feeling, promised them his prayers and his aid. But in 1840, the mission was closed by the Czar's order, at the instigation of the Most Holy Synod of the Greek Church. This was in reply to an application for permission to print the Old Testament in the Mongolian tongue. The New Testament had been printed and parts of it, at least, circulated. Rev. Mr. Stallybrass translated the Psalms, the books of Moses, Solomon, Daniel and the Minor Prophets.

Another missionary of the London Society was a classmate of Thomas Thomas in Hoxton College, Robert Morrison, sent out in 1807, as the first protestant missionary to China. He and my grandfather kept up a correspondence during life. (J. H. T.)

III

FROM HIS MOTHER

Wilmington, O., July 22, 1845.

My dear Son and Daughter:

I embrace the opportunity of writing by Judge Vance, to congratulate you upon the birth of your son; indeed I rejoice with you, and pray that with the boon you may have renewed grace given you that you may be enabled to train him up for God; if it please Him to make it so,—an able minister of Jesus Christ. Take care though; these little treasures steal away our thoughts, and leave but half for God. Remember they are but *lent* treasures, to be recalled anon: we should hold them as all other comforts,—loosely. It seems as if the Great Jehovah was reminding us of this, for the same letter that announced the birth of your dear little son, brought the account of Mary's trial. She is a Christian, and, I hope, will be enabled to make a wise improvement of the stroke. * * *

I wish something could be done for this place; the Presbyterian interest appears very low, and will sink altogether, unless some devoted preacher comes in a right spirit to do good.

With much love, I am, my dear children,

Yr. affnt. Mother,

E. R. Thomas.

IV

FROM ADAMS JEWETT, M. D.

Dear Sir: Dayton, O., Sept. 2, 1845.

We have seen in the Philanthropist that the Xenia meeting at which you expect to be present, is to be held Wednesday and Thursday of next week; and we have thought that it would suit best if you could make your visit to us on your way there. If you could be here on the Sabbath, we should be pleased to have one or more discourses on that day, *but the doors of the church of your own denomination would be closed against you.* We could obtain, however, the use of the Christian Church, or some other place. I say the doors of the Presbyterian Church would be closed, on the authority of Dr. Haines, who, I believe, is an elder. But if you consent to come, application shall be made to the trustees; and it *may be* that the use of the church will be granted. If possible, I hope you will be here that day.

If not convenient for you to be with us on Sabbath, you might come on Monday, and give an address that evening, and one on Tuesday evening; also, if you judge proper, Tuesday afternoon. It would be desirable to put into our notices some one or more of the principal points on which you would purpose to speak.

I have suggested the first of next week as the most convenient time, because the Baptist Association commences its sessions on Wednesday of next week; and there will be numerous meetings every day at which the Baptists will wish to be present; and they will also be anxious to hear you. There are more abolitionists in their Society than in any other in town.

I am not informed what family you have, but I can assure you your lady and children (if you have them), will be cordially welcome. A little journeying is very good for the health. You and yours will be most heartily welcome at my house on Jefferson St. between 2nd and 3rd Sts.

Yrs. truly, Adams Jewett.

V

TO ADAMS JEWETT, M. D.

Dayton, O.

Rossville, 4 Sept., 1845.

Dear Sir:

I am greatly obliged to you for your kind invitation to visit Dayton, and make your house my home, for a few days. Were not my arrangements already made for next Sabbath, and appointments published which cannot be recalled, (nor can I procure a substitute), I should avail myself of the opportunity offered. As it is, I am compelled to defer my anticipated visit, for the present. I visited Ripley and Red Oak, last week, and delivered three addresses in that region. I did wish and endeavor so to arrange my appointments there and at Xenia, that I might take Dayton in my route home, and spend two or three days with you. But the notice had already been given for the Greene Co. Anniversary; so that plan failed.

Next Tuesday and Wednesday I shall be at Xenia. They expect me on Tuesday. The week following, (Tuesday, etc.,) I expect to attend Presbytery, in session at Dunlapsville, Indiana. The week after, I shall be at Pleasant Hill, where I am engaged to deliver an address to the Literary Societies of Cary's Academy. About the first of October I shall have leisure to spend a Sabbath at your place, of which I will send you due notice. I should be glad to occupy the pulpit of the Old School Presbyterian Church there; and you may assure the Trustees that they will not be dissatisfied with my remarks, nor think them unsuitable for a place of worship.

Accept my repeated thanks for your kind offer of reception, of which I shall probably avail myself, and believe me,

Your fellow laborer in the cause of humanity,

THO. E. THOMAS.

VI

TO HIS WIFE

The Assembly of 1846

Philadelphia, 22 May, 1846.

My dear Wife:

It seems a long time since I saw you, though you left me but yesterday morning. I hope that before this time you are safely stowed away, with your precious little charge, in Stone Cottage, at home. And yet I believe you scarcely feel at home after all. During the past five years your affections have centered in another home; and however much you may, and, I trust, will be gratified by a visit to your "father's house," I think you will agree with me in saying that there is no place like your own home. But you are now to spend four or five months in New England; and must therefore endeavor to trouble yourself as little as possible with reflections of this sort. And according to your request, as it was not our privilege to write each other "love letters" previous to marriage, I shall endeavor now in sixth year of our married life, to find you some employment in answering my amatory effusions. You wished me to give you a series of letters in the form of journals, relating to the various events and employments of each successive day. I begin then with,

May 21. Returned from the wharf, where I kissed my wife and precious babes for the last time, and from which I saw the boat take its departure for the Jersey shore. Solitary and alone I wandered, as the dove from Noah's ark that found no rest for the sole of her foot, and found that although my body was in Philadelphia, my heart was on the way to New York.

Eleven o'clock — the Assembly convened in the tenth Presbyterian church (Boardman's).

In the afternoon of this day, Dr. Charles Hodge of Princeton Theological Seminary was elected Moderator of the Assembly. Dr. Young of Danville, Ky.; McFarland of Va.; Tallmadge of

THOMAS E. THOMAS

LYDIA FISHER (Mrs. Thomas E. Thomas)

LEILA ADA THOMAS

Oglethrope University were the opposing candidates. A large number of well known and distinguished men are members of this Assembly; among others, besides those mentioned, Drs. R. J. Breckenridge and Wm. C. Breckenridge, (the former President of Jefferson College, Pa.; the latter his brother, a pastor in Louisville, Ky.); Dr. Jno. McDowell of this city, Dr. McKinley, Dr. Krebs of N. Y. City, Dr. Lindsley, President of Nashville University, Dr. Scott of New Orleans, etc., etc. Brother Scovel and his wife are here, from New Albany, Indiana.

May 22. This morning the Assembly received and read letters from bodies in correspondence with us: the General Assembly of Ireland; the Synod of Canada; the General Association of Massachusetts, etc. All these letters referred in strong terms to the subject of American Slavery, and such was the effect produced upon several of our more sensitive members, that during the reading of the paper from the Synod of Canada, a motion was made to suspend the reading, and lay it upon the table. On this motion your venerable spouse made his maiden speech in the Assembly. The motion was lost, and the Synod heard. Then followed a motion to refuse all further communications with that body. This was lost also. So far the South has been disappointed; and I shall be greatly disappointed myself, if there be not some decided expression of hostility to slavery before we adjourn. Dr. John C. Young, President of Danville College, Ky., is chairman of the committee, into whose hands fall the memorials on slavery. He is a decided enemy to slavery. Brother Fullerton and I are invited to meet him in consultation upon this matter tomorrow morning.

After adjournment this morning, went to the New School Assembly, which meets in Albert Barnes' church, Washington Square. Dr. L. H. Cox of Brooklyn, N. Y., is Moderator. He appears to be a very pleasant, kind-hearted man; but, as I should judge from what I saw and heard, has not sufficient gravity and dignity for the chairman of such a body. He is remarkable for an eccentric style. He prayed that God would bless this nation, and preserve our great "e pluribus unum". Bro. Dunham, of that Assembly, tells me that the whole afternoon has been occupied with the reading of anti-slavery memorials, the number and character of which has already produced a powerful impression.

This evening I attended at Albert Barnes' church to hear Rev. Dr. Cheever preach the annual sermon of the Foreign Evangelical Society. He failed to arrive and his place was filled by Dr. Leonard Bacon of New Haven, who preached, or rather read his famous sermon on Christian Liberty, from 2. Thess. III, 1, a sermon which had no more to do with the text than with the first verse of the Koran. The discourse was written prettily enough, and was well delivered, as anything can be which is read, but it had evidently no power over the audience, some of whom slept, and some retired before the conclusion of the discourse. Surely this mode of addressing the public is destructive to pulpit power.

May 24. This morning heard Dr. Charles Hodge, Professor of Biblical Instruction in Princeton, who preached. He read his sermon closely, and of course much of the effect was lost. His text was Matt. XXVIII, 19, 20. Go ye out, etc., teach, (or make disciples of) all nations, etc. He insisted that the great duty of the church was to teach the gospel, and that in all suitable methods. This he argued from, 1. the fact that the Gospel was so extensive and wonderful a system of truth that it could not be learned by a few hortatory harangues. There must be line upon line, precept upon precept; and the science of Christianity must be learned in some degree as all other truth is learned. 2. He showed that the church from the beginning and under the Mosaic dispensation, has been and was an Institute for Christian instruction. 3. He argued that whenever and wherever the church had been most faithful in the work of instructing, not only from the pulpit, but in the family circle and in the school, there and then had she been most successful in promoting the Kingdom of Christ.

On the whole, I was much pleased. It was the best discourse I have heard east of the mountains. Dr. H. has a very noble countenance, and one of the most amiable expressions I ever saw. As a Moderator, he is calm, dignified, and decisive, as well as bland and courteous. In the afternoon heard Dr. Duffield of Detroit on Heb. IV : 14, 16, and was very much disappointed. His sermon was read closely, and, though prettily written in some respects, was pointless and powerless. In the evening, heard Dr. Phillips of New York City, preach the annual sermon before the Board of Foreign Missions. His theme was the conversion of the Jews;

his text somewhere in eleventh of Hebrews. The discourse was written as usual, and was tedious, heavy and totally uninteresting. I would not make such criticisms were I not writing for the eye of my own dear wife, and for hers only. I do not like to indulge the disposition to carp at sermons; but a young preacher coming from the West, and hearing the great men of the East preach such sermons as almost all that I have heard, cannot easily avoid expressing his dissatisfaction with the system of reading instead of preaching, which is so rapidly destroying the eloquence and power of the pulpit. (I speak of pulpit power *humano more*.)

Thomas E. Thomas.

VII

FROM HIS MOTHER

Hartford, Conn., June 2, 1846.

My dear Son:

I am sorry to have caused you uneasiness, but have been kept in suspense myself from want of knowing where to direct to you: I have told my sister here I would direct "To my Son at the General Assembly"; even yet I must leave your address to the mercy of the postmaster.

Till yesterday no paper reached me telling the doings of the Assembly, and that contained only a short speech by Mr. Fullerton. From the account I read, I was afraid you were dumb dogs as Mr. Gilliland had said, or that they would not let you bark!

My sister gave me a most cordial welcome. We have had enough to do to talk over the history of thirty-five years since we parted. I write in a little, retired room surrounded with portraits of dear friends now in Glory: here is dear father at the head, with children and grand-children and mementos in abundance of their worth. Sister wishes much vol. 6 of your Magazine; she has had only the first five numbers.

Your affectionate mother,

E. R. Thomas.

VIII

TO HIS WIFE

Rossville, (Butler Co. Ohio) 26 June, 1846.

Dearest:

While anxiously waiting for your letter No. 3, I will commence another, which I will not conclude until I hear from you again.

* * *

* * *

You will wish to know how I employ myself in your absence. Well, my time is divided between study, reading, visiting and letter writing. I mean my working hours on week days. Yesterday week, I preached from 1. Thess. 5, 17.— Pray without ceasing; — that is, as I endeavored to show, Pray *habitually;* not occasionally, casually, at hap-hazard; but improve *all the proper seasons, statedly,* for the performance of this essential act of divine worship. I then pointed out the *proper seasons,* according to Scripture command and example: viz, the Sabbath; morning and evening; before meals, and such other times as are distinguished for the duties, trials, temptations, joys or difficulties which they bring with them.

The house was full, and all seemed attentive and solemn. In the afternoon, at 5 o'clock, I preached from 2 Chron. 32:24, 26. Mr. Earhart, who had also been present in the morning, seemed to hear with deep interest. Yesterday, I preached from 1 Pet. 3, 7, last clause — That your prayers be not hindered. After referring to the fact that many, and sometimes even Christians, seemed discouraged in regard to prayer, by the fact that it appeared to do them little or no good, I pointed out some of the things that hindered our prayers; as living in known sin; want of faith in God and Christ as our Mediator; want of sincerity; of fervency; of perseverance, etc. The house was, as usual, entirely full; and the people heard with much attention. I cannot but hope that good is done, though no immediate results may be dis-

coverable. * * Mr. Symmes, who was at Graham's mills yesterday with his wife, requested me to preach in the grove each Sabbath afternoon. To this I agreed,— so that I shall, during the summer, preach three times a day as formerly, in addition to superintending the Hamilton Sabbath-School. You see therefore that our people do not intend to let me grow rusty by inactivity. On Thursday evening, weekly, the teachers of Hamilton and Rossville schools meet at my house to prepare the lesson for Sabbath. These public duties; with the Wednesday prayer-meeting; and the proper preparation of them; and weekly pastoral visitation, and eight or ten hours a day of study, and two hours of miscellaneous reading daily; and a correspondence with a score of persons, to one of whom I write three closely filled sheets a week; and the superintendence of affairs and repairs at home; and last, not least, the duties of personal religion, may employ my time pretty fully even during these long summer days. Still my mind is not so full but that frequent interstices are found which, for want of other materials, I fill up with thoughts of my sweet wife and precious little ones,— far, far away. Now and then in the midst of my labors,— will my wife forgive me,— I cannot but wish she were once more at my side, under our own roof, to cheer my heart with her loving smiles; especially on Sunday evenings when I come home wearied and exhausted, but to find no children watching for me at the door, or running to meet me; and no wife to spread me a pillow on the settee, and read to me from the Missionary Herald; especially then do I feel that it is not good for man to be alone; and learn how unduly I prized the domestic blessings which a kind Providence has bestowed! And what do you suppose I do on such sad occasions? Sit down and cry? — Not a tear! I simply stretch myself along the sofa, solitary and alone, and say to myself,—*Won't I be glad when Lydia and the babies come home.*

Last week I went to Cincinnati to see whether I could procure some volumes from the Tract Society, for circulation in this neighborhood. You know that you suggested that I should perform a sort of voluntary colportage here during your absence. I regretted to find, however, that the agents who only could authorize me to take the books, (unless I paid for them in advance, which I could not do), were absent from the city. I bought in the city,

a Hebrew Chrestomathy by Dr. Nordheimer; intended for use in the study of the Hebrew Bible, especially in the Pentateuch, in connection with his grammar, which you know I value highly. I also purchased (forgive me, I could not resist the temptation), a copy of Dr. Robinson's Greek Harmony of the Gospels. It presents the Life of Christ chronologically arranged, and taken from the Evangelists. I may, perhaps, send you from time to time, such new thoughts as occur to me during the perusal of this Harmony. Very often the discourses of the Saviour appear in a new and striking light, when viewed in immediate connection with the circumstances which suggested or accompanied them.

* * *

By the way, I believe I have never mentioned the very kind and cordial manner in which I was welcomed home by all classes of persons, just as if I had been absent a year; and wherever I go and whoever I meet, the kindest enquiries are made about you. How is her health; and the children's? When will she return, etc., etc. Truly we may say as one of old, *We dwell among our own people!* * *

You ask me to say when I will leave Ohio for the East; and how long the people will consent to my remaining absent. I need not ask them in regard to this latter point; for I know that while they would, of course, wish me to return as soon as possible, they would also allow me to take whatever time I thought proper. I have not been absent from them for two Sabbaths together for nearly six years; and they do not consider my attendance on the Assembly as a vacation from duty. * * I should be glad to see Washington, N. H., and to fan your cheeks with the mountain air of that elevated region. I feel exceedingly anxious that you should recover your strength and youthful bloom once more. * * Take all the outdoor exercise possible, and don't neglect improving to the utmost the bracing air of your Yankee hills. If spared to meet again in the fall, let me see blooming cheeks, sparkling eyes and cheerful smiles; the natural and beautiful indications of a light heart. Do not feel any hesitation, dearest, in asking as *many questions* as you please. It will not be tedious to answer them, I assure you. As a Yankee, you know, this is your birthright; and

as a wife,— certainly an easy privilege to be conceded by a husband.

Do I "remember what a wakeful, fidgetty, little thing Lizzie used to be"? I hope so. I should have a very short memory otherwise.

Lizzie: Your father never forgets you. You must obey mother and help her all you can. Ask her to teach you about Jesus, who once took little children like you and Ally in his arms, laid his hands upon them, and blessed them. One of these little children, it is said, was called Ignatius; and he afterwards lived to be a very good and useful man. Love Mary and little brother. Do not trouble poor mother when she is busy. Play prettily in the open air, under the shady trees. Do not go near the horse, nor let the dog bite you. Do not hunt the little chickens, nor take Ally into any danger. Be a dear, good girl and remember that if God pleases you shall soon see me again,

Your own dear Father.

And now goodbye, sweet wife, goodbye, which really means, and so I mean it, *God be with ye.*

Adieu, I commend you to God. And remember that I am and shall be while our lives last,

Your affectionate Husband,

THOS. E. THOMAS.

IX

TO MR. NATHANIEL FISHER

His Father-in-Law

Dear Sir: Rossville, (Hamilton) O., 15 Aug. 1849.

When I wrote you I was in good health; but in a day or two, I was attacked with cholera, and brought, in a very few hours, to the borders of eternity. At first, I had no idea that I should die; but in the course of a day I was almost persuaded that my race was run, and that the Master had sent me word to enter into rest. Through the grace of God I had no fears of death, but rather felt desirous to be absent from the body and to be present with Christ. I could most quietly have closed my eyes on time, resting in the arms of a precious Savior. But the Lord had ordered otherwise; the crisis passed and I recovered as it seemed with great rapidity. * * I have much reason for gratitude that all the sickness sent upon my family fell upon myself. My dear wife has enjoyed good health, although worn down by constant anxiety and toil. * *

Dear Sir: 8th September, 1849.

Since I last wrote you I have received from the Trustees of Hanover College a notification of my election to the Presidency of that Institution; and after mature reflection and consultation with my friends, I have concluded to accept the appointment. Both Lydia and I are clearly of the opinion that it is my duty. We have, indeed, many inducements to remain here. * * On the other hand, I have never expected to spend my days in Hamilton, and therefore have never been installed. I have always taken great pleasure and have had a good degree of success in teaching. Those who know me best seem to judge me adapted to some such station as that to which I am now called. My most impartial and judicious friends, including Dr. Bishop, the first President; Dr. MacMaster, the last President of Miami University; Dr. Brecken-

ridge of Louisville, Ky., and others, who are intimately acquainted with Hanover College, have advised me to accept this call. Many of the Trustees of Hanover are personal friends of long standing; some of them old classmates in college at Oxford. The members of the Faculty with whom I am to be associated are also personal friends whom I have known for years. The College itself is under the care of two Synods in the Presbyterian Church, and being the only college so controlled in the free States in the West, is likely to secure a large support and patronage, especially from Presbyterian families which are by no means the worst in the world. It has been in existence since 1827, when the Salem Presbytery established it as a Grammar School; and now, after various reverses, it is placed upon a safe footing; having collected during the past two years, a new endowment of $30,000; having an annual income of nearly $4,000; and having had in the last year, 180 students. The Village of Hanover is located on the Indiana side of the Ohio River, 100 miles below Cincinnati; six miles below Madison, the largest city in the State, and fifty miles above Louisville and New Albany. This situation renders the College easily accessible from the South and West. The village stands upon a bluff some 500 or 600 feet above the Ohio, and one mile back from the river, of which the new College buildings will command a view for fifteen miles. It contains 300 inhabitants, a very quiet, orderly, religious people. It is also remarkable for healthiness, and is in the midst of the most romantic scenery to be found in the West. The only building belonging to the Institution is very shabby; being the shattered remains of one that was almost destroyed by a tornado some years since; but arrangements are already moving to erect a large and handsome edifice in the coming Spring. The opportunity of usefulness afforded in the instruction of one or two hundred young men, a considerable number of whom are to be the future ministers of our church, is much greater than that of any ordinary pastoral charge; and although much responsibility belongs to such a position as that which I am to occupy, yet I hope that I shall find it a source of real satisfaction. The village is, indeed, a very plain, primitive, back-woods affair; and some inconvenience must be expected at least for a few years. I remember very well, however, when there was but one paved street in

Cincinnati. With respect to the means of support, I am informed that the College is free from debt, and during the past year has been able to punctually meet all its engagements. When I consented to go to Hanover in July, the salary of the President was but $800; after my election the Trustees advanced it to $1,000 per annum. Considering that other members of the Faculty have lived there comfortably for $600, I think I may be satisfied in this respect.

Love from all to all.

Your affec. Son,

Tho. E. Thomas.

X

TO MISS SOPHRONIA S. FISHER

Hanover College, Ind., 24 Feby., 1851.

My dear Sister Sophronia:

If I have never before written to you, which is the fact I believe, it is not because I have forgotten the little ten year old beauty, who looked so strangely upon me when I came to carry off her sister. That little beauty, I know, has grown up to tall womanhood; the mind has developed with the body; and perhaps could you and I see the twofold effects of the past ten years, we should hardly know each other. And yet, through our mutual friend, my good wife, we have kept pretty well acquainted with the changes of each other's life. I often wish I could look into that beautiful Yankee nursery where you have been immured so many years; but from which, I believe, the most of you emerge to take the veil, not of sanctity, but of matrimony: well your turn will come some day; and then, perhaps, you will wend your way westward, like the star of Empire, to shine upon the darkness of us outside barbarians. Wife tells me you are to spend the winter with us, after graduating. I hope so; but I should wish to prepare your mind, that you may not be shocked by a too sudden view of western institutions.

Imagine, then, a river as unlike your beautiful Connecticut as possible; whose waters surpass it in length, width, and depth, as far as the lovely banks of the former surpass the forest-covered hills, and corn-covered banks of the latter. Imagine yourself put off from a yawl upon a *muddy beach,* where you sink eighteen or twenty inches into the soil; after extricating yourself from which, you walk a mile and a half "up a high hill", like that over which an ancient tried to heave "a huge round stone". Ascending the hill, you are struck with a certain wildness of scenery in the singular gorge through which winds the rough road, a wildness which you would term romantic, had you not become familiar with

Mt. Tom, Mt. Holyoke, Wachusett and fifty other prominencies whose cleft sides have vast gorges and precipices, where our little western gully would be ashamed to be seen. The water does indeed trickle most sweetly, especially in a moonlight summer night, over the numerous surrounding cascades; and the broken masses of rock, scattered like castles ruined, over the steep hillsides, remind one of the Rhine banks, the Appenine passes, etc.: but then, you have heard water trickle before; your feet are muddy; the road is dirty; and probably the rain is trickling down from the points of your umbrella; and on the whole, the scenery is not so wonderful as some imaginative persons might suppose. Well, plodding along, and wishing that some Yankee would teach us Great-Westerners how to make wharf-boats, omnibuses and good roads, you begin to emerge toward the top of the hill; and passing Young's tan yard with a small shoemaker's shop adjoining, you perceive for the first time, the spire of the university building. There that edifice stands confessed; — a long, dingy, two-storied, whitish, brick affair, with a front of truly *Hanoverian Architecture*. Satisfied with one glance at the *College*, you look around for the village. * *

Our domestic residences, are, as the poet says, "like angels visits, few and far between". And the worst of the matter is, that on close inspection, one is sorely tempted to wish for the honor of the town, that they were fewer and farther apart.

* * *

* * *

And now after a little conversation, the truth breaks in upon your mind, for the first time, that the glory of Hanover lies in its one hundred and fifty young men, equal in native strength of mind, in purity of character, in intellectual acquisitions and wealth of affection, to any like number who can be picked out of any part of Christendom; young men, some of whom are to be Legislators, Senators, Judges, or better yet, Philosophers, Ministers, Missionaries, ranking with the very first men of their day in respectability, influence and usefulness; and last, not least, exceedingly suitable as husbands for the graduates of some Yankee Female Seminary.

XI

TO HON. JOHN M. MILLIKIN

Hamilton, O.

Hanover College, 26 Feby., 1851.

My dear Sir:

You have already heard from Minor that God has been pleased graciously to pour out His Spirit upon us; and that a considerable number of young persons are indulging a hope of having passed from death unto life. Of about 80 students who are connected with our regular college classes, now on the ground, only four remain without apparent conversion. Every member of Minor's class, the Freshmen; every member of the Senior class; more than half the Juniors are hopefully Christians. Minor has told you, I doubt not, his own experience of this matter; and I may add that he gives very delightful evidence of a true conversion. This work has been, I trust, truly of God, and not of man. No unusual means by way of preparation were employed by the church here. The revival came upon us like a clap of thunder from a clear sky; though, unlike that, it was noiseless and quiet. But one sermon has been preached in addition to our usual religious exercises. We held evening prayer meetings for the most of one week; and inquirers were invited to remain. No attempt was made to produce excitement; nor has there been any. I have seen several revivals of religion; but not one where the divine power was more conspicuous. These facts lead us to hope that the results will show the work to have been genuine; though among so many, (some seventy), mostly young men (all single, for not a married person has been awakened), it would be quite unusual if some were not deceived by mere sympathy. I should add that our regular college duties have been performed, as if no such work was in progress.

Yours,

Tho. E. Thomas.

NOTE — Few pupils of my father ever won and kept a place so near his heart, or were so lamented in their death, as Minor Millikin. More than most others, he took up and wore with pride in daily life, all that Dr. Thomas taught and valued most. He was the grandson of Dr. Daniel Millikin and Joseph Hough, two of the prominent pioneers of Southern Ohio; and was the son of Maj. Jno. M. Millikin, of Hamilton. After attending College at Hanover, he was graduated at Miami University, in 1854; attended the law school of Harvard University; studied law with Gov. Thomas Corwin; married, at Oxford, O., Miss Mary Mollyneaux, and made a European tour, and after returning, was engaged in literary work, when roused by the tap of the drum in 1861. He soon became Colonel of the First Ohio Cavalry. Minor Millikin was always a trained athlete; an accomplished swordsman, and fond of horsemanship. I think in uniform he was the most soldierly figure I ever saw; and he always seemed to me a knight of chivalry, dropped down on times, when, in things pertaining to war or peace, "the age of chivalry had gone." One time in Dayton, he, in uniform, and accompanied by Dr. Cyrus Falconer, an old-time elder of the Hamilton Church, called at our house, and I led them to Dr. Thomas' church study, where they found him surrounded and almost covered with books, engaged in writing his lectures on the prophecies of Daniel. The sight gave them much merriment and him no less pleasure; for he leaped over the books, clasped each by the hand, exclaiming, "What! to kill and to cure! to kill and to cure!"

Col. Millikin was one of the few soldiers of his *rank*, that Ohio sent to the war, who died in a hand to hand contest with an enemy. At the battle of Murfreesboro, his brigade of cavalry saved the ammunition train of Gen. Rosencrans' army, fighting for hours, against fearful odds part of Wheeler's Confederate horsemen, who had been sent around our army for its capture. A remarkable letter of his father, Maj. Jno. M. Millikin, to my father, is lost; in which he described his son's death with great detail of place and circumstance; how when surrounded, he refused to surrender, but swung his sabre so no one dare approach him, till some one from behind, shot him with a shot-gun, in the neck fatally. I only remember of this letter one burst of grief and pride, ending with these words, "He died as I had a right to expect him to die, in a cavalry charge, at the head of his regiment, sword in hand and far in among the enemy."

In a letter not now in our possession, Dr. Thomas thus spoke of him:

"No loss of life in this sad war has so deeply afflicted me. I loved Minor, as I have loved but few friends. The recollection of his cheerful, intelligent countenance; of his manly form, his pleasant voice; of his clear, active, cultivated mind; his gentlemanly bearing; his warm, affectionate heart; above all, of his sincere piety, and the purity of his life, will remain with me while memory fulfills its office." (A. A. T.)

XII

FROM THOS. J. COGLEY, M. D.

Madison, Ind., May 28, 1853.

My dear Sir:

Your very kind letter of the 25th is received, in which you say, "I dislike to introduce scientific illustrations into sermons, (though convinced that a more frequent use of them is both rational and scriptural), because I know that a daily familiarity with scientific or professional studies is necessary, if one would avoid blunders in extempore discourse".

I would not have troubled you with this note only that I feel a strong desire to urge you to introduce such illustrations, and if possible, introduce them more frequently; and be assured you can do so without the least risk of blundering.

It is assuredly one of the great charms of your discourses, that you generally illustrate your positions, by fundamental principles in philosophy and science, which in themselves are perfectly charming, and serve to rivet the attention, in a manner which nothing else can equal.

Transfusion is practised in this way. The blood is drawn from the usual place in the arm of a healthy, stout man; is caught in a vessel; and, while warm, is drawn into a syringe, and injected into the corresponding vein of the patient. It is of the utmost importance to avoid injecting air into the veins, in this operation; it causes death the moment it reaches the heart.

But your point was as well, indeed it was better, illustrated by supposing the use of arterial blood. No Sir, do not think of abandoning one of the greatest charms of your preaching; you may well trust that memory of yours in that as in all other respects; it is incomparably better than any I have ever known. If I had your memory with my own industry and perseverance, ambition and desire for knowledge, I could attain the highest position in medicine. My memory is good, but yours is superlatively good.

XIII

TO PROFESSOR JARED M. STONE

New Albany, 17 Feb., 1855.

My dear Brother Stone:

I thank you for the very kind and fraternal letter which I received a week or two since. An interchange of compliments, not to say flatteries, would be useless and contemptible; but the respect, confidence and affection of those with whom I have been long associated, and who therefore know me best, is one of the richest recompenses of life.

There is no remark in your letter, so far as I remember, which calls for any particular reply. I wrote a part of my last letter under the impression that you had probably determined to seek a pastorate. That impression being removed by the explanation you have given, I need only add that you understand my position in respect to the presidency of Hanover. I agree with you that your proper field of labor is a college. Not that you would not find a pastoral charge hereafter, as heretofore, pleasant and useful. But your tastes and habits are, in my judgment, more adapted to college duties; and surely no station in life is more honorable, or responsible. Our church colleges, especially, where so many Christian youth are assembled, and where so many are prepared for the Gospel ministry, are worthy of our most zealous labors and fervent prayers. How little of the talent of the rising generation is consecrated to Christ! How much needs to be done to bring educated young men under the influence of the Gospel! Of scarcely less importance is it to secure a real and thorough education to those who are themselves to be the Christian teachers of thousands. The Presbyterian Church, far from raising the ministerial standard too high, *stands in great need* of a *truly learned* as well as pious ministry. I say she *needs* them. How little real scholarship is to be found among our ministers! Notwithstanding our colleges, universities, and theological seminaries,

how many men have we who are capable of reading intelligently, and expounding properly, that Holy Word, which *in its original tongues,* is the ultimate standard of faith and practice. Leigh, in his Critica Sacra, commends the British Parliament of his day, because in their zeal for a competent ministry, they had required an examination of candidates as to their ability to open the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures and render their contents into Latin! How many of our candidates,— I do not say ministers,— could stand the application of such a test? Yet this was in the seventeenth century. We want far more care and drilling in the elements, especially of the languages; a far more critical examination of authors in the advanced classes; a better understanding of idiomatic expressions; in short, a *real* knowledge, instead of that mere nominal, superficial smattering, with which so many even of our graduates are content.

To accomplish such a work is an end deserving all our toils and sacrifices. We may receive a wretched pecuniary recompense here; but there is a certain and satisfying reward hereafter. Certainly learning without piety is worthless; but piety without learning will never qualify men for a service in which one must be "apt to teach". And sham learning is rather worse than no learning; for it prevents its unhappy possessor from becoming conscious of his deficiencies.

I need not multiply words on such a subject to you; but I feel more and more impressed, by years of experience and observation, with the fact that our common standard of scholarship is miserably low, so far as the ministry is concerned. How shall it be elevated?

XIV

TO REV. JACOB COOPER

New Albany, Ind., 11th May, 1855.

My dear Friend:

Your first letter reached me during the sickness of our youngest son, a boy of almost three years last winter. He died on the 18th of April. Your second was written on the 25th April, and reached me after my return from Indianapolis. The death of Ebbie, (he died of scarlet fever), was followed by less severe attacks of disease upon two others of our children. All are well now. These circumstances must account for any apparent delay in replying to your favors. As to the latter, I will write this afternoon to Dr. Young of Danville, and forward the recommendation you desire, which I do with great pleasure, and hope you will succeed in your application. Should you fail there, I shall take pains to secure you a similar situation elsewhere.

As to the subject of your first letter, in the midst of the intense anxieties which overwhelmed me when I received it, I could not give it due attention; and my repeated and protracted absence from home since Ebbie's death has interfered with that full consideration which its importance demands. To be successful, the proposed work must be *the labor of a whole life,* most diligently employed. One ought to be well assured, as to *duty,* before he devotes his *entire life* to any single object. Now, that critical labor upon the text of the Old and New Testament has heretofore rendered invaluable and indispensable service to the cause of Christ, is unquestionable. But whether, after all the toil that has been expended upon that department, from the days of Erasmus, Beza, the Stephens, etc., down to Griesbach, Scholz, etc., anything remains to be done, demanding the energies of a *life,* is worthy of inquiry. Again, is the way clear for such a work; is there a *demand* for a *critical* edition of the New Testament, such as to enable one to secure the necessary pecuniary support? It is

not long since Bagster first introduced the edition of Scholz to the British public. Within three years Dr. Tregelles of Oxford, England (I believe) issued proposals for a new critical Testament, to be printed in quarto form, etc. He was said to have spent many years in preparation, and to be admirably qualified for the task. I saw proof sheets and subscribed for a copy, which the agent said would be forthcoming in a twelvemonth; but I have heard nothing more of the work. Has it ever been issued? Or did it fail for want of subscribers?

A third inquiry must be, have you the *means* adequate to the completion of such an enterprise? Have you access to any *new* MSS.? Or can you give MSS. formerly examined a more searching examination? Of course I know not what information you may have on this point; what new sources of critical evidence you may have discovered; what more than Californian and Australian mine you may have opened. To tread the old track of former critics, and glean their leavings, would hardly repay the labor; — at least I should suppose so, without pretending to any special acquaintance with the field, as I suppose you have.

I merely suggest these considerations, for the present, hoping to have further opportunity for remark, when I shall have learned more fully the resources upon which you rely.

XV

FROM MR. JAMES R. GARRISON

Hamilton, O., Sept. 5th, 1855.

D. D. Thomas,

Much loved Friend:

I write you but a line this morning in haste, stating the almost certain removal of Rev. Mr. Christian from Hamilton: a word to the wise is sufficient. I think there are men enough that cannot preach, to teach. God is opening the way for you to come home; you have been long enough away, I think.

Brother T. E. I thought of writing to you often: nothing has deterred me but my poor scholarship: this is voluntary of myself. Your friends are well. There is nothing more than common-place news. My family is well, through the mercy of God: thanks to Him. Our Synod meets at Chillicothe on the 27th, as you are aware. God willing, I may be there.

KATHERINE PARROTT (Mrs. Walter S. Gorringe) THOMAS M. PARROTT
MARY MAY THOMAS (Mrs. Edwin A. Parrott)
ELIZABETH KEMPER PARROTT ETHEL PARROTT (Mrs. Edwin Farmer)

XVI

TO HIS DAUGHTER AT SCHOOL

New Albany Theo. Sem., 20 Sept., 1856.

My dear Daughter Mary:

We have received your first letter, and are glad to hear that you are pleased with your situation and employment. That you would be pleased with such advantages as you there enjoy, of study, of select companions, and of agreeable and qualified instructors, I had no doubt. You are your father's daughter as well as your mother's; and both of *them* were ever fond of study. I remember well when I first heard that I should enjoy the privilege of attending a college. I had gone with my father to a communion at Mr. Gilliland's church in Bethel, where Dr. Bishop was also present. On Saturday night I had retired to bed early. Dr. B. and father came up an hour later; and supposing me to be asleep, (for I was in the same room), they entered into conversation about my education. At length Dr. B. said to father,—"Well, send Ebenezer to college next term; and I will provide the means of paying his board." He had no sooner uttered the words than my head swam like a top. The thought that I should go to college made me dizzy with joy. And surely there was reason for it. The opportunity of cultivating the mind at an early period of life is an inestimable privilege. Our soul is our noble part. Bodily, we are of the same dust with the beasts of the earth, and the fowls of heaven, (Gen. 2:19) of nobler form and aspect, indeed as Ovid says,

> Pronaque cum spectant animalia caetera terram;
> Os homini sublime dedit: coelumque tueri
> Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus,

(you read Latin now; and may take this as the first extra lesson set by your father: he hopes to give you many more hereafter, as well as some in Greek and Hebrew), or to use the more familiar language of Milton, respecting our first parents,

"Two of far nobler shape erect and tall
Godlike erect! * *
His large, fair front and eye sublime," etc.

See the whole passage, Par. Lost, Book 4, line 288. Bodily "all go to one place: all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again." "But who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?" (Eccl. 3:20, 21). It is our spirit that allies us to the higher order of beings, "thrones and dominions and principalities and powers", (Col. 1:16), that allies us even to God himself, for "God is a spirit" (Jno. 4:24); not a mere spiritual nature, however, for in that we are like devils, as well as angels; but a *cultivated* and *sanctified spirituality* is that which makes us "partakers of a divine nature" (2 Pet. 1:4). It is the "new man" which after God, i. e., (id est you know, or *that is*) after the image of God is created in righteousness and true holiness (Eph. 4:24), which is renewed in knowledge after the image of Him that created us" (Col. 3:18).

Our spirit, therefore, in itself considered, in its nature and capabilities is that which makes a resemblance to our Maker attainable to us. The cultivation of that spirit, not mere human culture, indeed, but its *renewal* in *knowledge, righteousness* and *holiness* is that which makes us children of a Heavenly Father. Human culture is valuable chiefly as fitting us for a higher degree of spiritual improvement and enjoyment. We must not limit the power of the Holy Spirit, whose office it is to enlighten and sanctify the soul; but ordinarily, a high degree of sanctification is not found associated with a low degree of mental cultivation. Of course, I do not mean that the most intelligent are usually the most pious; you see proof to the contrary daily: on the other hand, however, you do not expect the very highest style of Christian spirituality among really converted Sandwich Islanders or South Africans. As the existence of a nature such as that of our spirit, in distinction from that of lower animals, is the essential basis for the work of the Holy Spirit in sanctification; so a good degree of merely human mental cultivation, the discipline and development of the faculties themselves, seem necessary to a high degree of sanctification. For the Spirit of God renews us first in *knowledge*, then in righteousness and holiness. I speak, observe, of the work

of *sanctification,* not of *regeneration.* The latter is an *act,* not a work; instantaneous, not gradual; complete, not progressive. In the former, God operates upon the heart and will through the understanding. But the understanding of a creature is necessarily limited by nature. Its power to comprehend truth, any truth, divine or human, is further limited by the extent of its development and exercise. An infant Napoleon would not understand Euclid. The understanding of a full grown but untaught barbarian could not grasp the higher truths of science. And while, as I say again, we must not limit the Holy One of Israel, we have reason to believe that when God designs to bestow the highest degree of spiritual illumination, there he will previously afford the opportunity for mental improvement of a merely human sort.

If this be true then, as I said before, such an opportunity is to be prized *chiefly* because it capacitates us for receiving in larger measure the gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit. And yet how seldom is education regarded, much less valued in this its highest relation! Perhaps the very idea of such a relation has never occurred to the mind even of Christian parents. Evidently it should lie at the foundation of all our plans and labors with reference to our own education or that of our children. By this fact, all our systems of training should be tested and directed. Education should be the handmaid to religion. All the maxims that should regulate the system, the teacher, or the pupil, may be deduced from this relation. I will not now attempt the deduction, but will content myself with one of prime importance to you, and which I mean to make the *main idea* of my first letter to my first child at school abroad.

If education is valuable chiefly because it may prepare for growth in grace, then growth in grace must never be subordinated to the attainment of an education. Plainly, the closest, daily devotional reading of the Bible, meditation, the private and personal duties of piety, must never be neglected or hurried over, in order to prepare a school lesson. We *must* find time for our *directly religious duties.* Growth in grace is the end: the *Divinely constituted* means of grace stand nearest in their relation to that end: when school work trenches upon the proper use of those

means, it ceases to be a means to the end for which it was designed. The *end* is forgotten: the means, *one* of the means, become an end. The true relations are reversed: evil must follow.

I hope to write you once a week; but if I should not find time for this, do not suppose that anything serious has happened. We are all well. Lizzie seems pleased with her High School, but she will give her own account of it. The boys are at Miss Paxton's and seem to be at work. I was much pleased with your penmanship, especially in your letter to Miss Emma Bicknell. Take pains to write neatly. It is a recommendation in a lady. I hope to see you next Tuesday week, on my way to Cincinnati Synod. I will call if I can. My respects to your teachers. All unite in love, especially dear Ma and your affectionate father..

XVII

TO HIS DAUGHTER

New Albany, 15 Nov., 1856.

My dear Daughter Mary:

I send you a copy of Virgil, Bullion's Greek Reader, etc. I supposed you had bought these books with the money I sent you from Urbana, which was 20 francs in gold. A franc, you know, is a French coin, five of which equal 95 cents; so that your piece was $3.80.

I am quite satisfied with your report; considering the number of your studies; that is, if you had been perfect in so many things, I should have found that you had been too closely engaged. Indeed, I do not need any report to assure me that Mary May will be diligent in study, and will fully improve her opportunities. My only fear is that you will neglect the care of your health in endeavoring too much. The truth is, you ought not to have undertaken Geometry in connection with Algebra. The latter properly precedes the former in a regular course of study; and *one* mathematical study is sufficient. If your teacher would consent, I would prefer that you would drop Geometry until you have completed Algebra. It is not right to ride a free horse to death. The mind, you know, is like the body in this, that it may be overworked. Too much food taken at once hinders digestion, and impairs the tone of the stomach. So too many subjects, brought in rapid succession before the mind, impair its power of analysis and comprehension. The wild Indians who were taken through the city of London, to look at the lions, returned home at night pressing their hands to their foreheads, and exclaiming in broken English, "Too much house, too much people." The mind becomes bewildered and confused; and not only retains a vague and feeble impression of what is presented; but what is far worse, if the undertaking be continuous, a careless and superficial habit is formed, which incapacitates it for real scholarship. We cannot, on the other hand, study any *one* subject continuously; a change is neces-

sary: and the mind, jaded with intense investigation of any one thing, turns to another, perhaps equally difficult, but of a different character, as if it were a relaxation. This may be repeated until mental exhaustion demands an entire suspension of close thought.

True mental cultivation must be guided by a knowledge of the mind. These require 1° (the ° stands for the termination of *primo*, firstly; as 2° for secundo, 3° for tertio, etc.,— this is the neatest mode of marking divisions). These require, I say, 1° a sufficient variety of studies to relieve the monotony of thought. 2° a selection of alternating studies adapted to the development of different faculties; as Languages, Mathematics and History; or Languages, Mathematics and Belles Lettres or Natural Science. 3° That not more than from four to six hours a day should be employed in close study; in which time I would not include the hours of recitation, as recitation is commonly conducted. 4° The exclusive direction of the entire mind to one subject at one time; so that while you spend your two hours on Virgil, for example, you should speak and think of nothing, absolutely nothing, during those two hours, but your Latin. Toties in illis, is the Horatian precept; or as St. Paul says to the minister in his vocation Ταυτα μελὲτα ἐν τούτοις ισθι (you read Greek now, "meditate on these things; give yourself wholly to them, that thy profiting may appear unto all.") (1 Tim. 4:15).

To master anything, one must analyze it to its elements; must consider each separate elementary idea long and carefully enough to obtain a clear and distinct idea of it, first in itself, and, secondly, in its relations to other ideas. After this, the several ideas, thus perfectly apprehended apart, must be combined, one by one, until the mind distinctly embraces the complex whole in the mastery of its parts and their relations. To study thus requires time and patience. The mind must be conscious that it may take its leisure. It cannot be hurried on with the thought of a near approaching recitation hour. To *cram* is not to *study*. To cram is to fill the memory hurriedly with a confused mass of names and notions, with the hope that a sufficient number of them will adhere to the *memory*, long enough to answer the present

emergency. To *study* is to master a thought, a fact. An idea once clearly understood in its real relations to other relations; — a fact once fairly understood,— is never lost to its owner. The *memory* may not recall it; but it belongs to the mind itself. It is *OUR OWN*: a permanent part of our mental furniture. We may not *remember* it, but we *know* it, and can make it for ourselves when we need it.

XVIII

TO HIS DAUGHTER

New Albany, Ind., 14 Jany., 1857.

My dear Mary:

I should have preferred your continuance in Virgil, as you have read so little in that author, and are hardly prepared for Horace. Still I prefer your reading Horace to your giving up Latin altogether. The only ill result I fear from your rapid progress to hard authors is, that you may not master elementary principles, and content yourself with a mere translation of the author. An ability to guess fairly at the general sense of a writer is mistaken for scholarship; whereas the whole beauty, the exact thought, the nice shades of thought, and in fact all *certainty* as to the real meaning, are wanting. All true scholarship must be built upon a laborious study of *details and elements.* You must have grammatical forms, rules, exceptions, principles, at *YOUR TONGUE'S END;* to which add a familiarity with the several senses of words, and the idioms of a language, and you are able to appreciate an author. Our schools and colleges, so far as I know them, are almost wholly destitute of this exact training. I hope yours is an exception, and that you will come home not a smatterer, but a real scholar. One great reason, perhaps the chief reason, why so few prosecute classical studies after they leave college is that they never enjoyed for an hour the solid satisfaction of sifting a thing thoroughly, so as to feel assured that they understood what they were reading. The mind cannot enjoy a cloudy, dreamy, uncertain *guess* at truth of any sort. If nothing else is obtainable in a particular study, the mind instinctively revolts against such a study.

I write in the confusion of our sitting-room; baby bawling; Allie trying to still her; mother sorting things, etc.

XIX

TO HIS DAUGHTER, ELIZABETH

Davenport, Iowa, May 4th, 1857.

My dear Daughter Lizzie:

I thank you very sincerely for your kind and interesting and neatly written letter. I am 515 miles from home, and to be assured of your welfare is very cheering. You will learn from my letters to your mother the general course and results of my journey. From Chicago we traveled about 180 miles over a country of prairies. In June and July these are covered with tall, rich grass, filled with a thousand varied and beautiful flowers. Now not a blade of grass, an opening bud; nor a single green thing is to be found. All is dry, brown, bare ground; even the stubble having been burnt off in the fall and winter. Still, there is something of a charm in these immense plains, where not a single stick of timber appears, as far as eye can see. On Tuesday afternoon, about four o'clock, we came upon the *Father of Waters,* a few miles north of Rock Island. As I had long desired to see the old gentleman, of whom I had heard from my childhood, you may be sure that when I made his acquaintance, I took off my hat and paid him my obeisance. This is the same old gentleman, you know, of whom it is said that he has a bad cold in his head this season, because he has kept his mouth open eleven months in the year.

One sees here, in every direction, the evidences of a rapidly growing and prosperous country; but at the same time, of a newly peopled region. Individuals, in most of the chief towns, may be found with their quarter or half a million dollars; tasteful and substantial houses, churches, etc., are numerous; yet Iowa City, Davenport, Rock Island, etc., etc., are unpaved and without sidewalks, except occasionally a few square feet of brick or flagstone, or a long walk of boards. Everything cannot be done at once. Rome was not built in a day. Ten or twelve years hence, by the time you come to settle in some of these western fields of missionary labor, there will be a wonderful change. This whole north-

Elizabeth R. Thomas (Mrs. Theo. Kemper)
Mary Sering Kemper

west has the basis of an immense population; a wealthy, prosperous, and intelligent assembly of commonwealths. I only fear that in such cities as Chicago there are too much of wealth and the luxuries and elegancies which wealth procures. What do you think of hundreds of dollars bestowed upon a young lady at her marriage, as bridal presents? A member of the South Church was married the week we arrived at Chicago, whose bridal dress (the gown only) cost $300. Her parents were wealthy, but her mother, who was a member of the church, wished it to be understood that the dress was a *present* from an aunt. She thought it extravagant. This is all wrong, very wrong, God never gave riches to be wasted in such idle display.

XX

TO HIS DAUGHTER AT SCHOOL

Dayton, Ohio, 13 Nov., 1858.

My dear Daughter Mary:

* * * I like the studies you have entered on. By the way, when you have learned Greek, you will spell Cholagauge with the English representative of X, not Colagauge, as in your letter. The word is derived from χολή, *bile,* and ἀγω, *to drive out;* because the medicine expels the bile from the system. The Greek X is Englished by *Ch;* so you see that Greek is of some use even to young ladies!

* * *

Take care to read your Bible carefully, thoughtfully and prayerfully every morning and evening. Your character is now forming, and in all probability, will continue through life substantially what it is at school. Remember that the chief end of life is to serve God in your generation; and ask Him to prepare you for a wide field of usefulness. If you aim chiefly to please yourself and enjoy life, as it is called, He will sadly disappoint you. Be sure of this.

Be careful to write legibly. I could not read any proper name in your letter to Lizzie. Let me suggest to you an improvement in your mode of writing letters. You *begin* half way down the first sheet, instead of near the top, and are then obliged to finish by writing crosswise on the blank place. It is a foolish practice of some people; partly, I suppose, to show that they do not value paper. You have imitated others. You should rather set an example, guided by your own good sense in small as well as in great matters.

We are all rejoiced to hear of your health and happiness. Your progress in Greek delights me; but remember that the chief value of learning the dead languages is lost by nearly all who study them; from the fact that they have never learned to read accurately, and do not carry on the study sufficiently to relish the beauties of Latin

and Greek writers. You must spend some years to secure this end. Take time, therefore; and do not study too closely at present. Without health you can do nothing and enjoy nothing earthly. Do not *study* Greek on the Lord's day. Let your mind be employed then only upon divine truth. When you can read the Greek Testament with some facility, there will be no objection. You will make more rapid *intellectual* as well as moral progress, by remembering the Sabbath day to keep it holy; that is, separated from all ordinary employments, and consecrated to communion with God.

* * *

Nettie Thruston has returned: she gained 16 lbs. in weight during her Michigan trip. I had a long talk with her last Tuesday on religious subjects. She is a very sweet and beautiful girl.

XXI

TO HIS DAUGHTER AT SCHOOL

Dayton, O., 2 Feb., 1859.

My dear Daughter Mary:

Yours of Jany 31st was received this morning. We are glad to hear of your health and happiness.

* * *

By the way, you make a breach of grammar in saying, "I *will* be examined", etc., when you should say, "I *shall.*" If you wish to express something dependent on your own volition, or some determination of yours, you say I *will;* but when the event depends on the arrangements of your superiors, teachers, etc., you say "I shall", that is, it *is* so *ordered*: I am to be, etc. Remember this. The Scotch habitually violate the rule, as did the Frenchman who fell into the Thames,—"I will be drowned and nobody shall help me." I received by the mail that brought your last, a letter from Prof. Wm. Bishop, of Lawrence, Kansas, (at present), containing two or three similar solecisms.

As for your studies for the new term, I am decided that you should not have more than three regular studies at once. I tried the plan of four among our Hanover students and found it unprofitable. If you read Greek and Latin, with Trigonometry, say twice a week for the regular recitations; some branch of natural science for an alternate, with Latin or Trigonometry say twice a week, your time will be spent as profitably, I think, as in any other way.

Having begun Greek and Latin, you ought to make yourself a complete mistress of those languages. The great error in the teaching or study of these things, is that ninety-nine out of every hundred fail to attain such an acquaintance with them as to make them of practical value. Either they should be *thoroughly learned,* or *let alone.* Many say, therefore, *let them alone;* substitute modern tongues, French, German, Italian. But for my part, if I

could talk French or Greek, at my option, (and to read those languages familiarly, to us who can reach only authors in them, is the same as to speak them), I would prefer the Greek; for all that is valuable in Philosophy, Science, art, etc. The modern style of thought, and range of subject we have already at command in our mother tongue. The ability to read Greek authors brings one into communication with a class of minds the most acute and polished, who are so far removed from our modern style and topics of thought as to make a new world of literature, far more refreshing and suggestive from the fact of its dissimilarity to our own.

Of course, in addition to the studies I have named, you will have music; as a relaxation rather than a study, however, for you should never pursue it to weariness.

You did well in giving your mite to .....; though I do not think he did well in seeking or receiving aid from such a quarter. A minister in his circumstances, such as you represent them, should apply for help to the church at large, through his brethren in the ministry.

Farewell — May our Heavenly Father and our gracious Saviour preserve you and bless you, and render you very useful and very happy, is the fervent prayer of

Your affectionate Father.

XXII

TO PROF. JNO. W. SCOTT

Dayton, O., 17 March, 1859.

My Dear and Honored Friend:

I am ashamed to find that your favor of 14 Feb. is yet unanswered. When you wrote, the only man in our church who would be at all likely to aid with such a sum as you need, H. Stoddard, Esq., Sr., was absent in St. Louis. He scarcely returned home before he left again for New York and Washington; and returning again for a day or two, he went a second time to New York. He is just now not in a position to be induced to a large liberality.

I believe I told you before that this church is by no means in its former pecuniary condition. The two colonies, the 3rd Church and that of Miami City, have materially reduced both its means and membership: many of our best men have been greatly embarrassed for a year or two past; and are yet struggling for dear life, some of them. Our outside pillars, such men as P. P. Lowe, Jno. G. Lowe, H. G. Phillips, T. A. Phillips, etc., are not interested on general Christian principles; though some of them are liberal in all our *home* church matters; and some are not. I do not suppose that one man can be found, willing to invest $1,000, or even $500, in the support of such an enterprise as yours. In fact, very few have the money. Mrs. Jno. G. Lowe told me soon after I came that she did not suppose there were a dozen families in Dayton able to meet their engagements without embarrassments. The business world here has been stagnant, comparatively, for the last three or four years; and the improvement is very gradual. A *few*, a very few, are in the enjoyment of pecuniary ease; but unfortunately, they are not of those who regard themselves, in any proper sense, as stewards of the Lord.

If I had $5.00 at command, or obtainable, this morning, I should have allowed myself the pleasure of a visit to Oxford today; if only that I might have presented, personally, the assurance

of my sympathy — but I had not — and *"to beg I am ashamed."* My family is at, perhaps, its most expensive point; my children growing up, at school, and earning nothing. But they are healthy and promising; and I would be grateful.

XXIII

TO HIS DAUGHTER AT SCHOOL

Davton, O., 19 April, 1859.

My dear Daughter Mary:

We have received several letters from you lately which have given us much pleasure. You seem to be in good health and spirits, and the style of your correspondence indicates improvement. I have reason to rejoice that you have so good opportunities for cultivation, and do not grudge the expense, though it is not inconsiderable. I doubt not, that if Providence spare your life, you will, with the divine blessing, abundantly repay any care and cost that your parents have expended upon you. But my dear daughter, you must "not be high minded but fear." How much reason there is in the divine injunction, "pass the time of your sojourning here in fear," you will not know for many years to come. A modest, humble, self-distrust is an invaluable grace. "Blessed are the poor in spirit," said He who knew what was in man.

Be on your guard against too much influence by those around you. There is but one Perfect Guide and Counsellor, the indwelling Spirit. Do not form too strong attachments to your friends. Your passions are ardent, and youth is impulsive. Do not expect too much from others. Do not yield to a passionate admiration When wiser, you will moderate your estimation even of some choice companions. A proper self-respect is as necessary as a proper self-distrust. An undue esteem of others argues a want of personal character and independence. We may be inferior to others; but let us remember that we have an individuality and character of our own. We may be superior to others; but let us cultivate our own powers rather than seek admirers. Remember that *all* are imperfect; that *we* are imperfect. This is not an anti-climax. We may believe the former when we hardly believe the latter; paradoxical as it may appear.

Perhaps all this is Sanscrit to you. Well, I will explain myself more fully some day. Just now, I only mean to say that you are in a critical period of life; a forming, a *nascent* period. (I believe you have studied chemistry.) Your heart and mind are artless, confiding, ready to receive almost any impression. Like your father, you are naturally frank, rather more honest than most people, and ready to think every one as sincere as yourself; as unselfish. Do not think that my apprehensions relate to *gentlemen,* now: I have too much confidence in your good sense to suppose that at your age and circumstances, with an unfinished education, you would admit any foolish thoughts of that sort; however common it may be with some no older than yourself. I trust that you have purposes in life too elevated (at least that a gracious God has purposes for you) to allow you to divert your mind from the high duties of your preparatory state. No — I mean nothing of that sort yet; not at all. Your present dangers are from your daily companions and dearest friends. Think about it, and remember that your father is 28 years older than you, and has been young and in college.

Your loving father,

Tho. E. Thomas.

XXIV

FROM COL. MINOR MILLIKIN

The Oaks, near Hamilton, Nov. 19, 1860.

My dear Doctor:

I am requested by the officers of the Oxford Reading Room to use whatever influence I have, in persuading you to give them a lecture some time during this winter. I have not yet seen their list; but from the character of their audiences I know it will be a respectable one. To be sure, the fact that I am to begin the course next Thursday eve., by a lecture on the Neglect of the Body by Conscientious Laborers, somewhat militates against this supposition; but I trust you will not allow this to influence you, seeing that I shall be there rather as a protégé than a prodigy. Indeed it was hoped that you might follow me, and I was told to ask you to do so.

Will you not spare me a line on the subject? I want to see your autograph again, sir, on my own account, since it will always be to me both a souvenir and an earnest of an affection shown to me, for which I can never be too grateful. Remember me especially to your wife and family, and

Believe me yours, by many bonds,

Minor Millikin.

XXV

FROM HIS DAUGHTER

War's Alarms

New Albany, Sept. 22, 1861.

My dear Father:

To-day, for the first time, Louisville seems in real and great danger. Bragg is marching on the city, with Buel one day's march at his heels. Nelson is ahead in Louisville, and declares he will burn the city before he leaves it. Consequently he has ordered all the women and children out of Louisville, and they are flocking over here and to Jeffersonville. There they are rapidly constructing a bridge for transportation. Government wagons are coming over. You will probably have learned all this from the papers before you get this, but I repeat it that you may see I knew the state of affairs when I wrote. All is absolutely quiet here, waiting for further steps. There is every prospect of a terrible battle in front of Louisville, but even then New Albany will not probably be in danger. I write that you may put your mind perfectly at rest about me. There will probably not be any panic here in the worst case. In prospect of serious danger, the women and children will probably be ordered out of New Albany, as they have been out of Louisville, and then I will go with Mrs. Bicknell. I shall not be willing to come home until New Albany is taken. But if our generals and soldiers do their duty, Louisville is safe. Buell is very near, and ought to have a fine army. At the least computation there are 50,000 troops in Louisville.

Tomorrow, we expect to be greeted by the sound of cannon and perhaps the rattle of musketry.

Yours,

Mary May.

ALFRED A. THOMAS

GERTRUDE THOMAS (Mrs. Henry S. Mead)

FELIX THOMAS

THOMAS H. THOMAS

GERTRUDE MRS. ALFRED A. THOMAS THOMAS H.

XXVI

FROM HIS SON

Life in a Cavalry Regiment

Camp at Pilot Mountain, Ky.
Dec. 9th, 1863.

Dear Father:

I write once more to let you know of my whereabouts and good health. Our battalion left Cumberland Gap about the 25th of last month, and reached this place, which is 15 miles north of Richmond, in eight days. We stopped three days at Cumberland Ford, where the Battalion received 350 fresh horses; and then came straight through. Our men, having few tents, camped in the wet and mud of Winter, and are in bad way from exposure. I have plenty to eat and good shelter now, being in charge of the sick in our hospital, which is a large log hut and very comfortable. The road on which we are encamped is the one on which the great supply trains for Burnside's army pass. All the forces in or about Knoxville or East Tennessee, are supplied by trains which run from Camp Nelson or Lexington to Knoxville. It has been extremely difficult to supply the army this Winter over such long communications. The road clear from Cumberland Gap to Camp Nelson is lined with wagons and dead mules. One train has been passing here all day.

We have heard of the late victories in Tennessee: they are glorious. But scarcely a letter or paper reaches me from home that does not name some of my acquaintances killed in the army. Augustus George, Will Spinning, I. Protzman, Major Birch, Cols. King, Strong and many others have been killed since my leaving home. I have now enough of warm, woolen clothing; the government is liberal in this respect; but I have now no stockings, mine were worn out from the heels and I could not darn them, but I think can draw a pair in a few days. At the Gap my boots gave entirely out, so I got a pair from the sutler for $12 — just one month's wages for a pair of boots.

Can't you send me some bandages? Many poor fellows come every day to my hospital to get wounds dressed, and there is not a rag to dress them with, and they can't be had. We have to do them up again in the old and dirty rags. Send linen bandages four to six inches wide, rolled up tightly. Lizzie knows how to make them.

My duties as Hospital Steward are quite different from the life in the ranks. I had been dissatisfied, feeling I was getting barbarized and unfit for my old company at home. Still some points are gains. I am stronger, can stand more exposure, have more energy; have seen hard cavalry service and become a fair horseman. Have had a good insight into army life and the people and country in Ky., East Tenn., and Va. So it has not been all loss after all. But above all things, I think I have done my duty to the country; and although we have seen hard times, I have the satisfaction of knowing that when our land stood in peril and need of men, I was not found wanting.

I am still your son.

ALFRED A. THOMAS.

XXVII

TO HIS SON AT YALE

Dayton, O., 17 Oct., 1864.

My beloved Son:

We all thank you for your very regular and pleasing correspondence. Your fair hand, and the neatness of your letters, free from blots, etc., recommend them. Be careful to write well always. Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.

Your health is of the very highest importance. Without a good constitution, and sound, vigorous health, your education, when attained, will be of very little value to you, or anyone else. God has blessed you, I think, with a healthy organization: but that will not take care of itself, any more than your mind will. If you spend hours of patient study to cultivate the latter, how unreasonable to neglect, much more to abuse, the former. The body, in its wonderful organization, is like a steam engine. It needs the constant care of the engineer. Its joints must be oiled. It must not be driven too far at once. Even the iron horse needs rest. Too much steam will burst the boiler, or drive a head from the cylinder, or split a steam pipe, and remember that the train stops, the engineer is helpless, when the locomotive refuses to work.

The idlest of all pretenses is the common one — I haven't time to take exercise! — as if the engineer, or conductor, should say, I haven't time to stop at the station for wood and water! The ass! Does he not know that if the wood and water are wanting, all will come to a dead halt? The brain, free from the oppression of over feeding, and of stimulating drinks; and reenforced by an ample supply from that fountain of life, the heart, (see Lev. 17:11, and Prov. 4:23.); will perform double the work which it can do under other conditions. With two or three hours of active exercise daily, you can study more in the remaining hours than in all together without exercise.

Elizabeth R. Thomas (Mrs. Harrington Davis)
Isabel C. Thomas
(Mrs. Allen P. Lovejoy)

John H. Thomas
Mary May Thomas
(Mrs. Horace P. Phillips)

You ask, how much time you should employ in exercise. The rule of Cambridge, England, (see Bristead's Five Years in an English University), is to spend *three hours daily* in what they call their "constitutionals:" i. e., I should think you ought to take as much. Rowing is a favorite sport at Cambridge, as at New Haven, I believe; but walking is the almost universal recreation. Ten or twelve miles before dinner, (they dine at three or four), is very common; and fifteen miles in three hours is frequently performed. By this manly and vigorous discipline they preserve, as Bristead says, (I believe he spells his name without an *a*, however, but I have not his book at hand), the finest physique in Europe.

You have a gymnasium, of which you have said nothing in your letters. Have you visited that? What kind of exercises? Ten-pins is a capital game; brings most of the muscles into play, and is amusing and interesting, as many mere exercises are not. Do not fear the expense. I would much rather pay that myself than you should fail to have the benefit. But this magnificent fall weather, (*we* are in the glory of our Indian Summer, our most charming season), you can find both amusement and exertion in rambling about New Haven and its environs. Have you seen the Regicide's Cave yet? It is not far distant. And the red-sand-stone cliffs, and the trap rock, which abound near New Haven, would repay many a visit. Take one or two choice chums and set off on a five or six mile tramp, to begin with. Cultivate your powers of observation. Examine nature and art. Talk with farmers, mechanics and seamen. You can pick up information enough to compensate you for the trouble.

My favorite game at College was *shinney*, and football was common. Are there none at Yale who play cricket ball? or base-ball? All these are manly sports; but walking has this advantage, that exercise is not likely to be overdone, carried too far; as is often the case where a contest for victory stimulates one.

If your Greek costs you three hours, your Latin two, your mathematics one, you need but six hours a day for your regular work. Two more are enough for reading, and miscellaneous extras. This leaves fourteen hours; of which you need six to

seven for sleep. *Never take less* than six, and more if you find it needful; say seven, and then you have seven left for meals and exercise, etc.

To-day, we bury your friend, Perlee Spinning. Lizzie sends a paper containing all we know of his death. He became sick at Nashville, set off for home, and died on the way. A sad blow to the bereaved family.

XXVIII

TO HIS SON

Dayton, O., 14 Nov., 1864.

My dear John:

We are gratified by the punctuality of your correspondence; cannot rest on Saturday till we hear from you. You never speak of your *health;* but we infer from the sparkling air of your letters that you are well.

I am glad that the authorities have interfered to stop the barbarous and disgraceful custom of "hazing." I see that Bowdoin (Me.) has no Sophomore class now; having suspended eleven and rusticated the whole remainder, on account of hazing. It is a remnant of the old English college and school usages, "more honored in the breach than in the observance," which no American should imitate. Boys may and should have their sport; but both christianity and civilization forbid that it should infringe on the rights of others.

I have not heard from you in reply to my inquiries and suggestions about exercise. Have you joined the Gymnasium? I saw a joke lately, about the ten-pin alley at Yale, to the credit of Prof. T. (Thatcher, I suppose), who requested an old alumnus to visit the alley, and take a game with him. The alumnus replied, with a look of wonder, Why! I was expelled from Yale 20 years ago for playing ten-pins!

Alfred seems to be applying himself diligently at Oxford; but I cannot persuade him to exercise of any sort: it is unpopular there; and I fear the result to his health. He looked much paler when last at home than when in the army; though he said he was perfectly well. I wrote to him to preserve all your letters in the original envelope. You do the same. They will be pleasing to review some day. I would advise you to *cut* your envelopes at the top; not *tear* them open: replace the letters, (all you receive that are at all worth re-reading), in the envelope;

and label them on the outside, as you have seen me do. Wrap them in bundles for future reference.

Nothing of consequence occurs here. The election passed off very quietly. I regard the result as more honorable to the American people than any act in their history. In the midst of so costly and bloody a civil war, to have sustained, in calm and quiet dignity, the strain of a Presidential election, without the occurrence of a single outbreak; and to have vindicated, by so splendid a majority, the great principles of justice and humanity, affords an argument for republican government, such as all the despots and aristocrats of the old world, (the Times and Blackwood included), can never answer. (By the way, *Nat.* calls the latter, Black*hood,* supposing it was named from the *cap* on the *man's head* in the vignette! Not so bad for a three year old! is it?)

I owe you a letter on a course of reading; would write it now, but my study (the west room) is invaded by your mother, sister, a sewing woman, Will. and Nat. The sewing machine rattles, and the ladies clatter, and the babies chatter, so that I can hardly compose my thoughts for a hasty scrawl.

Your letters are always interesting. Do not think I complain of them when I say that I would like to hear a little more of college matters. I want to see the inside of college life at Yale. How often do you recite? At what hours? How long are the recitations? How do you like the Professors, Tutors, etc.? What of the chapel, Societies, Clubs, Prayer Meetings, Sermons, Religious Associations, etc.?

* * *

Yr. affect. Father,

THO. E. THOMAS.

XXIX

TO HIS SON

Dayton, O., 18th Nov., 1864.

My dear John:

* * I read yesterday a pamphlet that I would send you if I owned, or could procure a copy; Dr. Tayler Lewis' State Rights, a Photograph from the Ruins of Ancient Greece. It is capitally written; draws the parallel between the autonomy (*ἀυτονομῖα*) of old Greece, and the modern Calhoun doctrine. He shows that Greece was ruined by the opposition to a national government, which would have controlled domestic faction. Sparta was the South Carolina of Greece, and Attica her Massachusetts. Written before the election, it has a sadder tone than Lewis would have given it since. He throws light on that oration of Demosthenes, for the Crown, which you will read at Yale, I hope; especially on the famous passage —*"I swear by the dead at Marathon,"* etc. If you can find the pamphlet, read it.

I am glad to learn that you handed in your certificate to the College Church, but remember it was *not a dismission,* and that your name remains on our church roll. Your connection there is only temporary, and really associates you with no particular denomination of Christians. It is intended only for the benefit of students while in College; and leaves, as it should do, your proper church standing unaltered. I shall be glad to hear how your religious exercises, in chapel and prayer-meetings, are conducted; and how you like them. Do *you* take part in prayer? I hope so; you can never begin under so favorable circumstances.

How do you like Homer in his travels? I regret that I have not been able to review the Odyssey with you. But what with endless work about the house, visiting my people, and preparing sermons, I have so far had my hands full without Ulysses.

You know that Dr. McDermont carried my horse to Louisville. I have since had the offer of Mr. Henry and John Stod-

dard's horses, whenever I like to ride. I have used the former frequently. She gallops very well. Yesterday, Mr. Dick Phillips very kindly offered me the use of Horry's fine white horse, so famous for his racking. I begin this afternoon. So I am handsomely furnished in the horse line, despite loosing both my boys, and Jessie!

Farewell, my dear boy! Nothing prevents me from being heart-sick at the thought of your absence, but the joyful remembrance that you are enjoying the best opportunities America affords for obtaining a thorough education.

XXX

TO HIS SON

Dayton, O., 28 Nov., 1864.

My dear John:

Your long and pleasant letter of the 23rd reached us this evening. I read it at the supper table; and it would have amused you to hear the questions put on every side. Nat., who is a shrewd observer and listener, and who often stops me at worship, as I read the Scriptures, to ask what some strange word means, "altar," "tabernacle," etc., inquired what you meant by "skins," "ponies," etc. Will had his difficulties too; and all had some remark to make. I assure you that your letters create quite a sensation in our domestic circle, and are voted, unanimously, capital good things.

I am quite satisfied as to your separation from ..... But it was well that you found a place for the sole of your foot, till you could secure a more congenial companion. I advise you to be very careful in the selection of your next room-mate. A few dollars are of little consequence compared with the consequences of an injudicious choice. I suppose the matter rests with you. Indeed, in many respects, it is preferable to room alone; as it gives you the opportunity of retirement, at pleasure. Your chum ought to be a Christian, at all events; that your Sabbaths may be profitable, and that you may have morning and evening worship together. Do not forget this. A member of your own class is better than a member of another class; a good scholar, close student, one with whom you could study profitably. He should not be much older, or younger than yourself. Of course, you would not select one who is not gentlemanly, and neat, in his personal habits and deportment. Let me hear from you on this subject before you decide it; and tell me whom you are thinking of.

I have no anxiety about the "pony" on Horace. You will not ride him until you have walked over the course yourself.

When you have done your best to prepare a lesson, and then run over a good literal translation to fortify, or correct, your own reading, no evil, or perhaps, some good will result. Yet the habit of forming an independent judgment, on the ground of grammatical facts, is invaluable: do not let your use of ponies interfere with this. I earnestly desire you to be a thorough and finished classical scholar. Our age demands scholarship of the highest order. Mediocrity will be neither pleasing nor profitable, even to yourself. A man can never speak confidently on a subject which he has not sounded to the bottom. If it be *unfathomable,* he will wish to know it by experiment. "A little learning" may not always be, as Pope calls it "a *dangerous* thing"; but certainly it is always very *unsatisfactory.*

Lay your foundations *deep,* in a complete mastery of the *grammar* of any language you learn. There can be no success without this. Analize, as you go, every word, form, mode of construction, etc. Fix the *principles* of syntax in your mind, not as a mere formula, committed to memory; but by ascertaining the *reason* for every fact. The Greeks, or Latins, governed the genitive, for example, by such a noun, or verb, not at random, but because some rational process of thought suggested, or required it. In other words, no rules, or modes of speech, are arbitrary; however singular they may seem to us; but have some ground in the forms of thought. Find them out; make them your own: you are the master of the rule. The best grammars will point out these processes of thought. Sciolists content themselves with an ipse dixit: Sum, taken for habeo, to have, governs the — no matter what; — governs the *boy* in his translations.

I am very glad that your tutor has put you upon the study of cognate roots. The easiest way to remember a new word is to *associate* it with some thing already known by a philological connection. I taught you a smattering of this in Homer. There is a close relationship between Sanscrit, for instance, and the occidental tongues. The family of Japhet settled originally in Persia; and when they removed to Europe they left the original stock in Asia. Hence the term, *Indo-European* to designate the Japhetian family of languages. See this connection briefly traced in the introduction to Webster's quarto Dictionary: Sanscrit,

Persian, Celtic, Teutonic; Welsh, Armonic, Danish, Swedish, German, Greek, Latin, and the modern tongues descending from Latin. There is to me an indescribable pleasure in tracing out these facts of comparative philology; though I have never enjoyed the leisure, or means, necessary to pursue such inquiries extensively. But, so far as you can trace out such relationships, they give one of the best aids to the recollection of what, without such associations, are arbitrary sounds. When you come to study Hebrew, Gesenius, in his Lexicon, will illustrate the connection between the Oriental and Occidental languages.

Your description of your tutors and professors is both graphic and amusing. Never forget, however, that whatever defects, or infirmities, you may fancy them to discover, you owe them respect and obedience, not only for wrath's sake, (marks), but for conscience' sake. Boys will always nickname their teachers, I suppose; and *old-limpy-'ad* is both witty and classical; but it is neither respectful nor gentlemanly, as an every day name for a worthy Professor. While you may, without impropriety, explain the soubriquet to us, or others, you should not allow yourself to employ it there. The principle of the Old Testament precept, "Thou shalt not revile the gods, nor curse the rulers of thy people," applies in this case. People who are always speaking of their President as old *Abe,* or old *Buck,* are not likely to regard him as "God's minister," ordained to this work of government, (Rom. XIII). So, too, young gentlemen who habitually designate their Professors as *old Had,* etc., etc., will likely lose not only respect for their teachers, but self-respect also. I trust you do not need the advice I give you, in this matter.

You say, "I *have made* quite a change lately," etc. This is a breach of grammar. The *lately* removes the transaction into the *past*: but the perfect tense includes the present. "I *made* quite a change lately" would be correct. Let me add that this is the only error I have seen in your letters from Yale. Yet I may suggest a little more care in punctuation. You often employ a comma, where a semi-colon is needed; and sometimes a semi-colon, where you should put a period. Do not neglect these little things. I want my son to be a *finished scholar.*

Your Q. E. D. is excellent. One letter a week to some one in the family is enough; unless you have leisure and disposition to write more. We do not expect an answer to every letter of ours.

* * *

I have been quite busy for a week or two. Last Friday evening week we had a meeting at the Court House to discuss the question of providing relief for the families of soldiers. I attended, and opposed the project of holding another Bazaar, such as we had last Winter. I objected to the immorality of the raffling, which characterized the affair; and to imposing so heavy a burden upon the ladies, several of whom were sick for weeks in consequence of their toil and exposure. Several of our leading citizens concurred with me in opinion,— S. Gebhart, Mr. Odlin, etc. Strange to say, Mr. R. W. Steele and Col. J. G. Lowe were my chief opponents; and they carried a modified resolution in favor of a fair. Subsequently, reflection has strengthened my position in the public mind; and strenuous efforts are now making to secure a subscription which will obviate the necessity for a Bazaar.

On the morning of that Friday, Mr. Steele called on me to address a meeting at Huston Hall, to consider the propriety of erecting a public monument in Dayton, in honor of the heroes of Montgomery County who have fallen in the war. Of course, I had no time for preparation: in fact, I attempted none, except to run over the subject in my mind, while indulging in a horseback ride of three hours, just before meeting time. The subject, (monuments), was generally supposed to be *dry and hard;* but the house was well filled by a select audience. My talk of an hour seemed to carry away the hearers, who applauded to the echo. Col. Chas. Anderson followed me.

On Thanksgiving day, our house was well-filled by a congregation of which fully three fourths were gentlemen. I preached from Prov. 22, 28. Remove not the ancient landmarks which thy father set up. A brief outline was afterwards furnished for the Journal, at the editor's request. The girls will send it. But the outline compares with the discourse, as the skeleton remains of a Thanksgiving turkey with the uncarved bird. You will

excuse these references to myself. I should mention them to no one but my own children: but I thought you would be interested in them.

On Sabbath morning, I preached upon 2 Cor. II:14, 16. The passage is a striking one; an allusion to a Roman triumph. Leverett, under *Triumpho,* briefly states the facts of the pageant. The victor, met by the Senate at the gates of Rome, was borne in a splendid car, drawn by white horses, to the Capitol. He was dressed in the *Toga picta* and *Tunica palmata:* around his head was a laurel wreath; and in his hand an ivory sceptre. Before him, went the long array of captives,— Kings, nobles, soldiers, women; together with the spoils of gold, silver, etc., and the images of conquered cities. Behind him marched his faithful legions, who uttered their joy in every kind of song. (Old Brown's spirit went marching along!) Around him rode on horses his chief officers, Legati, the *companions of his triumph.* On their route, flowers and sweet odors were widely scattered; the victor's car was filled with flowers.

Plutarch, in his *Acmilius* (see your class. Dict.) speaks of the streets as θυμιαμάτος πλήρεις Arrived at the Capitol, some of the captives were doomed to death; others were set free. As the painted cap in the Spanish *Auto da Fe,* indicated his fate to the *heretic,* so the *odors* in the triumph reminded the captives of their approaching fate. To some it was the token of a dreadful death; to others, of speedy release.

So Paul saw by the eye of faith the triumphal progress of the Captain of our salvation, in the diffusion of a preached gospel. As one of Christ's Legati, he shared in the triumph; in fact, was "made himself to triumph." The knowledge of the Gospel spread abroad a divine odor along the pathway of that procession. It foretells the eternal destiny of all who hear the word. As some creatures, endowed with a morbid sensibility, are said to "Die of a rose in aromatic pain," so even the sweet perfume of the name of Jesus is of deadly influence to his enemies.

The Gospel, as preached by the apostles, excited only contempt among the great ones of the world. Tacitus speaks of it as *"superstitio exsecrabilis,"* (I have not the passage at hand — perhaps that is not the adjective he uses;) and Suetonius says

that the Jews were instigated in their seditions by *"one Chrestus!"* Little thought they that this despised Gospel was undermining the foundations of their false religions, philosophies, and governments; that in three centuries Christianity should be seated on the throne of the Caesars. As the Gospel is diffused among men, as we hear it preached from day to day, silently and imperceptibly as the falling of dew or snow, our souls are moulded by its influence for weal or woe. How solemn the thought! melted or hardened by every sermon, chapter, prayer!

Judge Storer and Mr. Chamberlain, of Cincinnati, were at our church yesterday morning; and at night addressed a full house in the Baptist Church; a union service. $700 were contributed to the Christian commission which they represented.

Mother, Lizzie, Will, Nat. and I spend the day at Mr. Chas. Spinning's,— going now. Farewell! God guide you, my dear boy.

Yr. aff. Father,

THO. E. THOMAS.

XXXI

TO HIS SON

Dayton, O., 1 March, 1865.

My dear John:

We received your letter, together with a copy of the New Haven Courier, giving an account of the Sophomore and Freshman "rush," etc. * *

Beginning to feel my nervous system unstrung, your mother and I thought best to accept Maj. Millikin's kind invitation to rest for a week at Maplewood; so on Saturday last, we went there. Tuesday we spent the night at Dr. Falconer's,— Maj. Millikin and wife meeting us there. Wednesday, we went to Oxford, to attend the celebration of the 22nd (Washington's birthday), by a college exhibition, in which Alfred was to take part. There were nine speeches,— Alfred's as long as any; and, if I am a fair judge, by far the best delivered. He spoke somewhat too rhetorically, as was to be expected in a first effort. His theme was "Abraham Lincoln." Be sure it was loyally and patriotically handled. Indeed, every speech but one, (the subject of which was "Literature",) was of the most decidedly loyal type.

On Thursday, the day of prayer for colleges, I spoke at a union meeting where nearly all the Faculty of the University were present; and at 1:30 P. M., I preached before 150 young ladies at the Western Female Seminary, at the special request of Miss Peabody, the principal, on the observance of the day of prayer. By the way, was the day observed in New Haven? I saw lately a report of the religious condition of several colleges, prepared at Andover, Mass., and was sorry to see the "low estate" at Yale, spiritually. In the relative number of *Christians* among the students, as well as of candidates for the ministry, Amherst was far before Yale. Oh for a revival of pure and undefiled religion among the 600 pupils of the first *literary* institution in America! How powerful an influence for good would it exert

over the coming generation! Had John C. Calhoun, a Yalensian of the class of 1804, I believe, been a devoted Christian minister, instead of an ambitious demagogue, how different would have been the history of our beloved country!

Yr. affectionate Father,

THO. E. THOMAS.

XXXII

TO HIS SON

Dayton, O., 6 Mar., 1865.

My dear John:

We received to-day your letter to May. Glad to see that you are in such fine spirits, from which we infer that your health is good. You must not be surprised, however, to learn that we do not altogether sympathize with you about *rushes*. Your mother and I feel some anxiety about the effect of such scenes and associations upon your character. The snatches of song you sent were amusing; except that I regretted to see one word written, for which "gayest" would have been a happier expression. The other is simply a cowardly way of *swearing*. No doubt that even a more explicit term was in the original; and you did not feel yourself responsible for the song. But remember that the *spirit* of the precept which forbid the Hebrews "to take up the names of idols in their mouth" applies also to Christians. Many a word familiar to the world would defile a *Christian* mouth.

Rushes, no doubt, are as well conducted rows as one can reasonably expect. Still, they are remnants of ruffianism, utterly unbecoming the young men of America; however natural to the unpolished ages of brute force from which they have descended. It was once the fashion for London *gentlemen* to go about at night breaking the heads of policemen with cudgels. George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, was not exempt from that infirmity. The modern gentleman who should fancy the recreation would soon find himself in the watch-house. Your young gentlemen at Yale merely mock the officers of the law in low ballads. The one is as much out of character as the other.

You need have no concern about my health. During January and February, I omitted much of my usual horseback exercise. Since then I have been riding daily. I am now as well as I have ever been for the two years past; and as well as I expect ever

to be: though not so capable of close study as in former years. I once thought nothing of sixteen hours a day hard reading. That day is over, and likely will not return. But I am thankful to God for the measure of strength and health allowed me.

You know that Col. Jno. G. Lowe, and R. P. Brown with others, united with the church last December. Col. Lowe now has charge of the young men's class in the Sabbath School, and makes a capital teacher, the boys say. Judge Ralph Lowe of Iowa, was at church yesterday, with his wife. The three brothers, P. P., J. G. and the Judge, sat down at the Lord's table together for the first time. It was a pleasant meeting.

Have you any understanding with your grandfather that you are to spend the April vacation at Northboro? He is very fond of you: wrote very kindly about your last visit there; but suggested that your very social and agreeable disposition might expose you to some snares in college: a suggestion that you will appreciate more highly hereafter, perhaps, than at present.

You will notice on your return that Dayton has much improved. * * * Familiarized, as you are, to the elegant establishments about New Haven, perhaps these new affairs at home may seem less interesting. But I think Dayton a far more pleasant place, — intellectual attractions apart,— than the Elm city. Our chief want, as a city, is intellectual cultivation. Our gentlemen are devoted to business; our ladies to their families, and their pleasures. We have almost no literary, or scientific atmosphere. We have not a few college graduates; but *not one,* so far as I know, that cultivates literature, science, or philosophy, for any other than business or professional purposes. The delights of which Milton speaks,

> "How charming is divine philosophy!
> Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose:
> 'Tis a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
> Where no crude surfeit reigns:—"

are unknown to our Daytonians.

All unite in love. Remember me kindly to Fowler Stoddard, and Horace Phillips, and to Dr. Dutton.

Your affectionate Father,

THO. E. THOMAS.

XXXIII

TO HIS SON, JOHN

Dayton, O., 27 March, 1865.

My dear John:

Your last, to your Mother, post-marked the 15th, did not reach us till the 25th; ten days on the way. We must "make long patience" with the mails, as the Welsh woman said to the bride.

Perhaps, as you suggest, your mother and I may underrate the religious influences at Yale; as we are not very well acquainted with the facts and persons to be known in order to a correct judgment. I highly appreciate the intellectual advantages of the college; and I cannot but wish that her spiritual privileges may be of equal excellence. Your occasional allusions to the *sermons* you hear, have not, I confess, impressed me favorably. Yet I may underestimate them too. I am glad that you attend, value and enjoy the social religious services. Well conducted, they are of unspeakable importance.

* * I am pleased with your quotations from Livy. Though brief, they are expressive and admirable, conveying a favorable idea of the good sense and magnanimity of Fabius. In these, as in other respects, he resembled our own Washington. I shall be glad of an occasional extract from Herodotus. The practice of writing Greek is easily acquired, and is beneficial. Take pains to form an elegant Greek letter. The Porson type is most easily imitated.

As to your proposed debate, it is an excellent theme. If allowed to choose your side, you will be wise to urge the danger from intestine factions. The United States can never be destroyed by foreign arms until factions within have ruined her.

All love you.

Aff. Yr. Father,

Tho. E. Thomas.

XXXIV

TO HIS SON AT DARTMOUTH

Dayton, O., 18 Sept., 1865.

My dear Alfred:

We received your very welcome letter, containing the intelligence of your safe arrival at Hanover, and your admission to the Junior class in the college. And now I hope and expect that your diligent application to study, and fidelity in all duties, will justify the assurances which your friends have given in your behalf. Remember, my dear boy, that one-half of your undergraduate course has been completed. How soon the other moiety will pass, you may judge from the past. What you want is not a diploma, but scholarship. Dependent, under God, upon your own resources for the future, you can scarcely appreciate the value of your present opportunities. In college, as in the great world, everything is to be gained, (to use the homely, but expressive phrase of the good Lincoln), by *"pegging away."* Aspiring young men are apt to look for progress by leaps; waiting for the opportunity of making some grand *coup*: (This is *French,* as A. Ward would say). Whereas it is the "continual dropping" which "weareth away the stone." Steady application to your daily tasks will secure scholarship; and *nothing else will.* Consider that each lesson, be it philosophy, Latin, or even Greek, is a stone in the building you are erecting; and if it be poorly dressed, or badly laid, or cemented with "untempered mortar," the ultimate appearance, if not the value and durability of the structure will be damaged.

Give particular attention now to the formation of acquaintances. You are among strangers; but you go with some little experience of the world. As Polonius says to Laertes,

> "And these few precepts in thy memory
> See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
> Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
> Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar."

(That is don't make yourself *too common;* hail fellow with every Tom, Dick and Harry).

> "The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
> Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel:
> But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
> Of each new-hatched, unfledg'd comrade."

You keep late hours, I fear. Students are strongly tempted to read and study *at night;* sometimes to make up for hours of daylight wasted in "bumming about;" sometimes through excessively studious habits. One great lesson to be learned at college is *self-control*: to do a given amount of work, or reasonable task, at the proper hours; and not to overwork oneself, on the one hand, nor to waste time, on the other. A firm and steady application, despite all allurements; and a wise regulation even of love of study constitutes the happy man. * *

You see how I fall to moralizing at every turn; and perhaps may smile at my anxiety on all these points. But your residence there recalls my own college days and companions with all the freshness of yesterday's events. And oh how many young associates of mine have long since finished their career! Not half my own class (1834), twenty-two in number, are now alive. Many of them died early in life; and of those then in other classes, what a multitude have passed away, leaving their whole course a warning to survivors! Intemperance or licentiousness buried in an untimely grave fully one-half of those who perished early. The deadliest foes of youth, they beset many a promising young collegian; and scarcely one who yielded to their seductions now survives.

Never, till your oldest son goes to college, and, reviewing the letter of his grandfather and your own course of life, you address advice and caution to my grandson, can you appreciate my feelings. You smile at such language. I too, should have smiled at so preposterous a train of thought. Your tomorrow will come sooner than you imagine; and you will look back and wonder whither the years have fled that once opened before you an almost interminable prospect. I would have your retrospect a pleasant

one; more charming, indeed, than the prospect of coming years is now. It may be so; and now is the time to secure the blessing. * *

Affectionately,

Yr. Father,

THO. E. THOMAS.

XXXV

TO HIS SON

Post Office, Dayton, O., Nov., 1865.

My dear Alfred:

* * *

I am very glad that you are to teach school: the experience will be worth something, and the money too. You know I am an old schoolmaster. I graduated at Oxford on Thursday evening; and left to teach school at Rising Sun, Ind., at *four* the next *morning*. But I paid my tuition all through college by teaching extra classes in college. And I had taught my father's school a year before I entered college. The faculty of *teaching* belongs to the Thomas family, inherited from both grandparents. Let me give you this piece of advice; and, as Burns says,

"— may you better reck the reed (mind the lesson)
Than ever did the adviser."

The art of *governing* a school, (the chief difficulty in school-keeping), lies in two words,— *GOVERN YOURSELF*. If you can perfectly control your own temper, keep perfectly cool, you can always manage others. The acquisition will be worth all it costs, both now, and in future life. Self-possession, coolness and self-mastery, under circumstances of extreme provocation, give one an advantage not to be estimated. If you inherit your father's qualities, as I think you do to a high degree, you will find the management of your temper the hardest task you ever undertook. And yet so far as school teaching is concerned, I do not remember that I ever lost my temper more than once or twice.

Farewell! Yr. letters, indicating a rapid progress, give me great satisfaction. * *

Your affectionate Father,

Tho. E. Thomas.

XXXVI

TO HIS SON AT DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

Dayton, O., 8 Nov., 1865.

My dear Son Alfred:

* * I am glad to learn that discipline is not dead in Dartmouth. Your narrative of the Freshmen and Sophomore rush, quelled by the Juniors and Seniors in accordance with President Smith's order, amused us very much. But be careful not to indulge in such police duties too often.

I am gratified with your Greek quotation from Demosthenes. That oration has been a favorite with all the great orators of modern times. Pitt and Fox read it frequently. Brougham has translated it, I believe; but don't ride his pony, even if you can catch it. Master the splendid *chef d'oeuvre* of the old Athenian mob-king. Review it and make it a study hereafter. It will repay you. By the way, do you remember that when Demosthenes stood on the Βῆμα in the amphitheatre at the foot of the Acropolis, pronouncing this oration, he could *see* the mound raised at Marathon, over the noble dead whom he apostrophizes; it was only ten miles to the east of Athens; — so insignificant was the extent of Attica which has made so much noise in the world! Scarce larger than Montgomery Co., Ohio. Wordsworth mentions this fact from personal observation; for the Βῆμα still stands — a simple stone platform in the *'αγορά*, I believe. Have you my Wordsworth's Greece? a splendid work, both in regard to text and style of publication. Perhaps you took it: I have not seen it lately; if not, I will send it by express. It cost $10, and may be out of print. It would deeply interest you now that you are reading the higher Greek authors.

As to Oxford, I only know that the Board vacated all the chairs after July 1st, 1866; and that the Trustees intend to offer their resignation. The aim is to secure for Miami University the $600,000 granted by the General Government for an Agri-

cultural College, by offering the State Institution unembarrassed by any incumbrances. If the plan goes, very likely some distinguished scientific *savant,* (pronounced sáh vóng),— a learned layman will be placed at its head.

You have learned from your brother or sisters of the wedding mania prevailing in Dayton. I married David A. Bradford to Miss Lehman; Robt. W. Steele to Miss Clara Steele; Jno. R. More to Millie Darrow I should have married the same week, but for the failure of a telegram; Chas. Clegg to Hattie Pease, two weeks ago; William Wallace to Etta Gregg last week; and a dozen more, some say twenty-five, occur before Christmas; Jno. Hatfield, Minnie Edgar, Fanny Lowe among others. This is the blessed result of *peace,* and a restored Union! Good for *me* too; for I find hard work to make both ends meet, and so many wedding fees are acceptable.

Let your school teaching lead you to a careful review of English Grammar and Spelling. You may not have so favorable an opportunity again; and an accurate knowledge of your mother tongue, written and spoken, will be of immense service to you. Read a good Grammar of the best character, carefully; examine the principles and philosophy of language. You will find it a charming study, now that you have more acquaintance with the structure of other languages. Pay attention to the niceties of prosody; a part of Grammar usually overlooked by boys and girls at school. The little things are of no little value in composition.

All send love. Last Saturday was our silver wedding day, celebrated by Nattie assuming the Toga Virilis — his first pants.

XXXVII

TO HIS SON

John:

I forgot to speak of your debate. Take which side best suits your own views. I sent Dr. Lewis' Photograph from the Ruins of Ancient Greece, by mail, last week. Read the Pope's encyclical letter. You will find it in Littell's Living Age, for Mar. or Feb. I like your programme; and you will find it *easier* to debate that side: the other requiring more knowledge of political history, and of human nature. You take foreign *invasion* in a wider sense than I supposed. I referred it simply to *military* invasion. You include all foreign influences, which is permissible, I suppose. At the beginning of this government, the Catholic population was to the Protestant as one to 87: now it is as one to seven. So it is said.

Do not spend your vacation in study. Yet I am glad you have entered the debate. I want you to cultivate the art of *extempore* speaking — which includes most careful preparation; often even *verbal* preparation; and does not *forbid* writing; but neither reads nor memorizes the manuscript. Hamilton, we are told, the foremost orator of his time, wrote out all his forensic arguments,— and then burned the MSS.

In the sense you fix on for invasion, no other age or country supplies an analogy to ours. For never was so glorious a land so laid upon, and made attractive to the adventurous of all nations. What the Roman Empire suffered from the northern nations in arms; and France from the Northmen of Sweden and Denmark; ours may suffer from a *peaceable invasion* like that of the locusts and flies on Egypt.

But I have exhausted my ideas; having written six letters this morning, after preaching twice, and attending a third service yesterday, and being awake half the night from the noise about Lee's surrender.

May God guide and bless you, my dear boy!

Yr. aff. Father, THO. E. THOMAS.

XXXVIII

FROM HIS UNCLE, THOMAS SPENCER

Bransby, Lincoln, 29/3, 1866.

My dear Nephew:

I sit down to offer thee congratulations of thy Aunt and myself on the marriage of thy daughter. May God grant that the event may prove a source of comfort to parents of the parties on either side!

I have not had the grace to answer thy letter announcing the death of thy mother. It was a letter of great family interest and I took the liberty of sending it to several of thy relations in England; and in the transfer it got lost or mislaid. Always expecting that it would turn up some day, I kept putting off my reply — it was a capital excuse for a dilatory correspondent, and I adopted it. When Mary May's cards arrived, I felt that I was remembered beyond my deserts; my conscience burnt like a furnace. I beseech thee to forgive me.

It is too late to condole with thee, and it would be unseemly in me to attempt to revive feeling which time has mellowed down. I always entertained a profound respect for thy mother, and cannot help regretting that we were not permitted to meet in this life. My intercourse with thy father and mother was not frequent, or at any time of long continuance, but always of the most affectionate and friendly character. My recollections of thy mother are the most perfect of her as she appeared before she was married. From some fancy or passion, about 1808, she had a beautiful head of hair cropped off, and her first appearance without it was so novel that it made a deep mark in my memory. It is as a young woman that she lives in my recollection, and I do not want to alter the picture.

In the year 1816 you were — parents and family — my guests at Clerkenwell Green near Smithfield, London, for a short time. It was at this period that thy father and I conceived the idea of

emigrating to America. Long and frequent were our conversations on the subject. We were Radical Republicans of that day. It was during thy father's stay at Clerkenwell that the first Napoleon was overthrown and banished to Elba. On the arrival of the news, London was frantic with delight, and illumination was ordered and thy father and I went out to see the sights. It is needless to say they were splendid. We took up a position behind a coach, with or without leave of the owner, I cannot now say. It was the best possible position for our purpose, for as the coach passed slowly along we saw most perfectly all that was to be seen. Our coach made one of the line that passed through one of the most interesting parts of the city. The coach that immediately followed us was driven by an illnatured fellow, who repeatedly endeavored to sweep us from our perch with his pole — the pole of his coach. At last he made a successful lunge and wounded me in the leg and made my trousers a scandal. Thy father's blood was up in an instant, and jumping down he bearded our assailant on his box and gave him a sound thrashing with a walking-stick. Very like he did more for his friend and brother than he would have done for himself. And clearly — I, in whose cause the onset was made, have every reason to remember it gratefully.

One of thy father's peculiarities was his firm belief in Satanic influence. Indeed, in early life, he believed that we were always surrounded by spiritual influences — good or evil. We were walking together one day through some street in London, deeply engaged in an interesting conversation of a religious character, when some wicked or mischievous people threw something at us from an upper window. For a moment we were disconcerted, and lost the clew of our conversation. "There!" exclaimed thy father, "a man must be a devil himself who does not believe in the perpetual working of the evil one. The great enemy knew that we were pursuing a subject closely connected with our souls' salvation, and he devised this diversion to drive us from the path that leads to life." He related to me, that on one occasion, being sent on an errand when a lad, his path led by the bank of a river — when lo! suddenly he saw the faint shadow of someone following him, a shadow but no substance.

He was by no means disconcerted, but took it for the good angel that always had him in charge.

It was when he was a shepherd lad that the passion for letters first possessed him. Having obtained a spelling-book, he carried it in his bosom and conned some self-imposed task at every interval of leisure. One day he heard his master complain to a neighbor that his lad was found at every touch and turn with a book in his hand. "Well," said the neighbor, "I should not like him the worse for that. Depend upon it that boy is more than he seems to be; he is not going to tend sheep or hold plow all his days." This was large encouragement, and he applied himself with greater diligence than ever to his task.

It will perhaps surprise thee to learn that thy father very considerably contributed to make me a Quaker. In one of his interesting conversations, he gave me such a description of Quakerism that I inwardly said in my heart, "This should be my religion," and in due time executed the resolution.

I wish thou had come to England, as we once hoped that thou would; these little reminiscences would have told well enough by the fireside, when they cut but a poor figure on paper.

Of England news I have little to communicate. In the Stallybrass family thou would find men of thy own mold and mind, and attainments, and particularly in Adolph Sonnenschein — thy Uncle Edward's son-in-law. I need hardly state to thee that as long as thy Aunt and I are alive and occupy Bransby thou hast a home here, should thou at any time visit Europe.

The cattle plague that is afflicting this country is a cause of serious apprehension to ourselves personally. I have a large stock of cattle for the size of my farm, and I close my eyes in fear and open them in apprehension,— there is no cure but the poleaxe or the halter. It is all around us, but still we stand. Blessed be God for all his mercies!

In Ireland the Fenian conspiracy is giving trouble. Here in England the people barely notice it. John Bull is a very impassive sort of a fellow — it takes a great deal to rouse him. He is just now busy about a new Reform Bill that is to make the suffrage almost universal. The old constitution of England

placed political power in the hands of the property and intelligence of the country. We need no Reform Bill — the silent but certain alteration that is taking place in the value of money is lowering franchise quite as fast as education and good morals are preparing the people for its possession.

A ten pound rental in borough, and a forty shilling freehold in the counties give a man a vote for a member of Parliament, and these qualifications are within the reach of any decent man. Formerly forty shillings represented the annual value of fifty acres of land; now, it does not fairly represent the value of a single acre.

The United States give the franchise to foreigners by far too easy — a twenty-year probation for the least intelligent among them, would be none too much. It is time to close. I am getting on perilous ground. Farewell my dear Nephew; with much love to all thy family,

Thy ever affectionate Uncle,

THOMAS SPENCER.

XXXIX

TO HIS SON

Dayton, O., 16 Mar., 1866.

My dear Alfred:

Your letter of the 10th just came to hand. I was glad to receive it; and Willie warmly welcomed his, which came by the same mail.

I am pleased to receive your account of your grade. It is the first news of the kind I have received since you entered Dartmouth. I was thinking this morning that I ought to have some report soon. I do not exactly understand the 1.72. Ordinarily, such an arithmetic expression would indicate *one plus* 72; as $1.72 is so much over one dollar. But as 1 is your maximum, the .72 must be a *deduction,* I suppose; or that you are .28 above 2. Is this so? Even at that figure the grade is fair; but I shall be glad to see it bettered, as you suggest. Do not hesitate about an *"exclusive"* devotion to text-books. I know the fondness of active-minded young men for side-reading. I did no little of it myself at college. In fact, I did a great deal of historical, biographic, and literary reading. Yet if I had my course to repeat, (as, alas! we never can have; and hence the necessity of doing aright what can never be mended), I should unhesitatingly give my text-books the preference. When you have mastered your regular lessons, and find spare time on your hands, then read a little. Ever after graduating you may read at pleasure; but your classical and mathematical, if not your scientific studies, *will close,* in all probability, when you leave college. It *should not* be so; but in nineteen cases out of twenty, if not a far higher proportion, so it is. Besides, you are seeking *mental discipline,* which is far more valuable than any information you can gather.

"In the hey-day of youthful greediness and ambition, when the mind, dazzled by the vastness and variety of the universe,

must needs know everything, or rather know about everything, at once and on the spot, too many are apt, as I have been in past years"—(he *should* say — as I *was* in past years), "to complain of Cambridge studies as too dry and narrow: but as time teaches the student, year by year, what is really required for an understanding of the objects with which he meets, he begins to find that his University, in as far as he has received her teaching into himself, has given him, in her criticism, her mathematics, above all, in *Plato,* something which all her *popular knowledge,* the lectures and institutions of the day, and even good books themselves cannot give, a boon more precious than learning; namely, *THE ART OF LEARNING.* That instead of casting into his lazy lap treasures which he would not have known how to use, she has *taught him to mine them for himself;* and has by her wise refusal to justify his intellectual greediness, excited his hunger, only that he may be the stronger to hunt and till for his own subsistence; and thus, the deeper he drinks, in after years, at fountains wisely forbidden to him while he was a Cambridge student, and sees his own companions growing up into sound-headed and sound-hearted, practical men, liberal and expansive, and yet with a firm standing ground for thought and action, he learns to complain less and less of Cambridge studies, and more and more of that conceit and haste of his own, which kept him from reaping the full advantage of her training."

The quotation, from a learned, living writer, (though unhappily a theologically unsound one), the Prof. of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, England, is well worthy a repeated and thoughtful perusal. It expresses the *common judgment of all thoroughly and liberally educated men.*

I would wish you to give careful attention to Hopkins' Evidences. The *work* is not familiar to me; though the subject is. I should be pleased to have any suggestions it awakens in your own mind, and to aid you in analyzing its argument. Let me also particularly recommend a thorough mastery of Plato. The longer I live the more I admire the sense and genius of that noblest of the Greeks, and noblest of the pagan world. I read lately a very interesting and instructive article on the writings of Plato as compared with the Scriptures. It was in Littell's Living Age, about three months ago. I read it to your mother and Lizzie. If I can lay my hand on it, I will mail it to you. There is also a little treatise of Dr. Pond of Bangor, on Plato and his writings, which would aid you. It will repay you to

connect *such* reading with your daily studies. You should also read up a little on Greek history, enough to *locate Plato* and his times, and among his contemporaries. Plato is exercising no slight influence on modern thinkers; as Prof. Kingsley's works show. If duly tempered by a knowledge of inspired truth, his ideas are invaluable. We learn what, (and how little), the grandest unassisted reason can teach about those sublime topics which must interest every thinking man — the Godhead, the nature of the soul, a future life, etc., etc.

Do not content yourself with reaching a vague and general apprehension of Plato's *ideas,* either. You want the discipline which is gained by an actual mastery of the *very shade* of thought represented by the Greek verb and participle, (the hypothetic uses of the indicative, subjunctive, etc., with a'v, etc., on which study the various Grammars, and read especially Winer's — pronounced, Vener's — Grammar of the New Testament dialect: some of the Professors will lend it you, and a few pages will explain the whole). The use and signif. of the prepositions, too, is admirably explained by Winer. The other particles, μή, οὖν, δέ, ἀττά, etc., and their compounds, and relations to each other, are indispensable studies to one who would read Plato with profit and delight.

All this, no doubt, will cost time and study; but be assured it will amply repay you. Most Greek students are like California travellers who should *run over* the mining lands, content if they pick up here and there a stray nugget to show admiring friends. The true scholar blasts the quarries, and drills out solid and exhaustless wealth from treasures hidden to the careless traveler.

Enough. It is 11 P. M., and mother has retired already. * * All well here. Mary May and her husband are here this week. Judge Matthews,— Col. Parrott's brother-in-law,— was buried last Sabbath. They remain here Tuesday, and then return to Columbus. Col. P. has bought Col. Harrison's old place on the hill south of Dayton, and will live there. With much love,

Yr. aff. Father,

Tho. E. Thomas.

XL

TO HIS SON

Dayton, O., 14 Nov. 1866.

My dear Alfred:

I had stars on the brain last night, and did not sleep soundly. You know the shooting stars were looked for Nov. 13. I saw them 33 years ago, Nov. 13, 1833. I was then, as you are in the first term of the Senior year; at Oxford, but was at home, in Venice, Butler Co., that particular night. I remember that a neighbor waked me at midnight, terribly alarmed, as he supposed, in his ignorance, that the stars were really falling. From midnight, till the dawn of day rendered the meteors invisible, there was an incessant display of the most celestial fire-works that mortals ever gazed upon. You may suppose that I was anxious to witness the last repetition of the grandest exhibition ever to be seen in my day; and happily, the sky, that had been cloudy all day, cleared up after dark, and the regular stars shone splendidly. Toward midnight I retired to rest; for not a single meteor had appeared. It was understood that the fire-bells would ring if the shooting stars occurred. At intervals during the night I woke; but toward morning, (4 o'clock), the heavens were overcast, and no chance remained to witness the phenomenon. I fell asleep and dreamed. I thought I was awake and sitting on the lounge by our bed-side. I saw John, as I supposed, come into our room, dressed, and with an overcoat on his arm. He came near and threw his arm around me. As soon as he spoke I found that it was *Alfred,* and not John. I kissed you several times, and inquired what had brought you home before graduating. You made some vague reply; and I asked if you were well; for you looked pale. I asked if you had been sent home; and you quietly replied that you had been *privately expelled!* The thought darted across my mind, how shall I bear this calamity; and the sneers of my neighbors, who will say, well, the minister's sons are no better than other people's! This waked me.

Now, as I know of no other reason why you should be expelled than that you have not paid your college bills, I enclose a check for $145.00, the sum you said would be needed for that purpose. I had associated the falling stars with my Senior year at college in 1833, and having neglected since Monday to send this money, the thought of your dismissal grew out of it, I suppose. Then I had some conversation last week relative to your being at Dartmouth, with a gentleman here, who told me that some of my friends thought I ought not to send my sons to college with the inadequate salary I am receiving. I replied that other people laid up *money* for their children; while I could give them nothing but an education. My father had given me the best education in his power; — struggling to do this with less means than I had; — and I felt that he had done me the highest kindness; which I was resolved to return to my children.

I need not say that I was stung with the unkind suggestion; but I shall be amply repaid if you improve your opportunities.

XLI

TO HIS SON

Dayton, O., 23 July, 1866.

My dear Alfred:

Your two letters were received last week, and the last contained very agreeable intelligence. We are all highly gratified that you received the first prize for declamation. I sent you a copy of the Cincinnati Commercial containing the announcement of the fact. How the Commercial came by the information I do not know; but I thought it might please you to see that our Central newspapers do not neglect the *rising young men* of our section of the country. You do not tell us what the prize was: though I suppose the honor is the principal thing. We think our family doing well, when the eldest son carries off the first prize at Dartmouth; and the second, the second prize at Yale! * *

Your statement with reference to the declamation of my St. Louis speech at Amherst was naturally agreeable. Yet I could wish, if it were to be again repeated, that a better *report* had been published. For a newspaper report it was unusually accurate; but of course there were many errors, some omissions, and other inaccuracies, which a *verbatim report* would not have contained. I once thought of writing out a fair report myself; but it was so ephemeral in character, and had been so widely reprinted while the Assembly was in session, that I abandoned the thought.

We suppose you are to be at your grandfather's during haying season. A letter from Mr. Jabez Fisher to your Mother speaks of his hearing this from his brother. Mr. J. F. writes that his son George has invited you to visit Washington, N. H. You will find the region around there the Switzerland of America. I climbed Mt. Lovell, in sight of Mr. Jabez Fisher's home, with him, on his 75th birthday, I believe. It rises some 3,000 ft. From the summit you have a magnificent prospect. Three miles north, on the main road passing Mr. Fisher's door, you come to

heights overlooking the Connecticut valley. A fine lake near his house affords excellent fishing, though I never tried it. You would enjoy a few days there, if convenient to them and to you.

Just beyond Mr. J. F.'s — north — the adjoining town, I think, is famous for *minerals*. Some of the finest specimens, and the largest variety, are found there. On the height I spoke of, three or four miles north of Washington, to the *left* of the road, and half a mile from it, on a crowning summit rising like a ruined tower, I found beautiful specimens of *malachite*. The rocks there, too, are striated, or grooved; the effect, it is supposed, of glacial action. I do not know whether you have given much attention yet to geology and mineralogy. Near the village, on a high hill, I remember that I found *graphite*, or *plumbago*. A mine had once been opened there.

It would repay you, after hay-harvest, if you could take a horse and ride to Mt. Wachusett, 20 miles from your grandfather's. He went once with Mary May, John and me to Wachusett, and climbed it too. I suppose he would hardly care now to repeat the experiment. The view from W. is one of the finest in N. England. It will be a charming vision never to be forgotten. Youth is the season to gather such memories as we shall love to cherish. When the body is too old to travel, imagination, (memory rather), can recall every delightful scene once visited. It was Niebuhr, the great traveller and historian, I believe, who, becoming blind in his old age, used to say that he could sit in imagination among the oriental scenes which he had visited, under the glorious sky of the East, and revel on the visions which had transported his earlier days. How wonderfully and benevolently has our Maker provided for our happiness! "He giveth us all things richly for our enjoyment," (1 Tim. 6-17). And how rational, that youth be so spent that we may recall its enjoyments with pleasure!

All moves on here in the old jog-trot way. I saw John Patterson yesterday: he had received a late letter from you and talks of going to Dartmouth. I advised him to return to Oxford. Now that the Faculty is reorganized, with Dr. Stanton for President, Prof. Butler in the Greek chair, I almost wish you too were back at Oxford. The expense would be but half what it is; and

we could see you so often. We are almost sick with the thought that we shall not see you for another year. All unite in love to your Grandfather, Grandmother, and Uncle. Remember the age and infirmities of Mrs. F., and *conform quietly* to all their domestic habits. A *true gentleman* will adapt himself to the wishes and tastes of others, where no principle is involved.

Farewell — God bless you, my dear boy!

Yr. aff. Father,

THO. E. THOMAS.

XLII

TO HIS SON

Dayton, O., 31 Oct., 1866.

My dear Alfred:

* * I am pleased with the topic assigned you for an essay, or oration. John Milton is one of the noblest characters in English literature, and history; a good specimen of the genuine English Puritan with a leaning rather to politics than ecclesiasticism. By the way, *Johnson* the lexicographer, (how the name is degraded for us by association with *Andy!*) once employed a literary drudge to compile an *index* to one of his publications. The man had completed his work as far as *"Milton, John"*— so he wrote it, referring to the page, etc. Johnson's eye fell upon the unfortunate words, when he summoned the index maker, and dismissed him from his employ; telling him that there was *but one Milton,* and the fellow who should attempt to designate him as *"John"* was unfit for his service.

I have been refreshing myself this Summer with historic reading. During the Prusso-Austrian war I perused Schiller's Thirty Years War; to compare the state of Europe in the middle of the 17th century with its condition in the middle of the 19th century. Then I took up Sharon Turner's Anglo Saxons; and this led me to Milton's History of the Britons and Saxons. You find it toward the end of his *prose works* in the American 8 vo. edition. John bought a good copy for 75 cents. I suppose you have it. If not, we will express it to you, if not too late.

Milton's prose is peculiar; the sentences very long and intricate; the use of the Latin participial instead of the verb predominating; which makes his sentences comprehensive, but cumbrous. You should read his History of England, as it embodies the old traditions: of little use except as connected with English poetry. Shakespeare's King Lear, and many of Chaucer's characters, are drawn from these traditions; as well as King Arthur and his

hundred Knights. He gives the history of the subjugation of old British Christianity by the Papal emissaries pretty fully.

The period of English history including the rise, prevalence, and fall of Puritanism, is well worthy of careful study. But be careful of your authorities. Hume admits that England owes her freedom to the Puritans; yet he misrepresents and maligns them. He was a Tory and a Jacobite.

Milton, like Cromwell, was a genuine *republican*; as were many other Puritans, as well as of the Scotch Covenanters. Led by a sense of religion, by the force of conscience, to demand and exercise liberty in matters of religion; and met everywhere by the stern opposition of *Monarchs,* who claimed a right to control the Conscience no less than the bodies of their subjects, such men were forced to investigate the foundations of the royal prerogative, and found no basis in reason or Scripture for the boasted "divine right of Kings."

Can you find Rutherford's "Lex Rex" in any of your libraries? It was burned at the gallows in Edinburgh by the common hangman, in obedience to the order of Charles 2d; who dreaded the republican idea that *Law is King.* But Cromwell found an England incapable of republicanism; and his position compelled him to rule. Milton and his compeers were far in advance of their times. A bitter passage in his History of England, where he steps aside to draw a parallel between the early Britons at the time of the Saxon invasion, and his own age, (the passage was penned in his later life), describes the selfishness and corruption which produced the downfall of the Cromwellian Commonwealth.

You should also read Milton's Poems. His Samson Agonistes was intended to show the English Giant, Republicanism, bound in the prison-house of Royalty after the accession of Charles 2d; and bound *for its own fault.*

But I must stop my rambling letter. Of course you have read Macaulay's essay on Milton. But Macaulay is not always to be trusted. Though a eulogist of the Puritans, he had not religious principle and spirit enough to enable him to appreciate them aright.

XLIII

FROM HIS UNCLE, THOMAS SPENCER

Bransby, Lincoln, (England).
21/3/1867.

My dear Nephew:

Thy very kind and interesting letter reached me in due course some time last year. I thank thee most sincerely for the treat it gave me. It seemed as I read its pages as if I was shaking hands with every member of thy father's family. It was a rare privilege, for which I hope that I am duly thankful to the Giver of all Good. The letter was of such family interest that I took the liberty of sending it to London after it had been to Facit and Sturton. Thy cousins, the Stallybrass family, were all of them in town just then, and the opportunity was not to be lost. Poor Sarah and poor Adolph Sonnenschein! They have lately lost their second son,— a gifted boy of thirteen, who was rarely endowed by nature, and his parents reveled in the prospect of the intellectual victories that he would one day win. I could not measure his scholastic attainments, for they are beyond my ken; but of his general knowledge I could form some estimate, and assuredly it was surprising for his years,— he was all nervous energy — all soul — the jewel was large and the casket frail. His parents were fully aware of the peculiarities of his constitution, and they sent him for two Summers to rusticate at Bransby, but it was of no use,— I could not keep him from books. I hope thou will one day make the acquaintance of thy cousins, the Stallybrass family,— they are talented men, and all engaged in intellectual pursuits.

On my side of the house, a hearty welcome awaits thee. I could tell thee, as I have told several of my American friends who have called to see me at Bransby —"Remember, if thou should fall sick in the course of thy travels, there is a home and a capital nurse in Lincolnshire." One gentleman told me it was

a real comfort to him during long travel on the continent, to know that he had something like a home in Europe.

I very much fear that I cracked up my English home far above its deserts. My partiality for my humble dwelling and its surroundings very likely led me astray. I only intended to describe a quiet and quaint abode, standing in the rustic and rural of old England,— a fitting place in which an aged couple might spend their last days in humble hope and patient preparation. I know full well how quickly the refinements of civilization follow the foot-steps of the backwoodsman in the Far West. The ring of the axe has scarcely died away when the silken sounds of the piano set in. I can fully believe that there are farm houses in the neighborhood of Dayton far surpassing my own in all the appliances of modern civilization. Had I been at thy elbow when thou was penning thy racy vindication of Dayton life and manners, I should have taken all the wind out of thy sails, by whispering in thy ear,—"truly, the gleanings of the Grapes of Ephraim are better than the vintage of Abiezer."(?) I have one short and simple way of putting the question of comparison between England and the United States. I always say to my countrymen,—"Whatever England may have been in her greatness, she has only shown forth in miniature what the States are destined to show forth in magnitude."

Thy description of the magnificent width of the streets of Dayton, and the manner in which the town is laid out seems to me to imply a large Empire in prospect. The instincts of the Anglo-Normans of the States have adopted a large scale for all their cities as best suited to the large development that is in the future; just as the Anglo-Saxons of England built for an enduring Empire. Our old churches, castles and Cathedrals were built by a people who evidently contemplated posterity. I was at Austerfield some time ago, a village in Yorkshire, the birth-place and English home of Gov. Bradford of Massachusetts, and there stood the little, old church, barely capable of holding above fifty to a hundred people, and yet its walls of stone were three feet thick. There it had stood for centuries, I know not how many. The veritable curfew bell was still in its tiny tower,— the very same that tolled out the harsh terms of the Norman conquest, at

least so said the old sexton. As I stood and looked at the old church, sturdy and staunch in its grey old age, I queried with myself after this fashion. "What in nature is to shake down this old structure for centuries to come,— nothing short of an earthquake,— verily, the old folks that built you, built for posterity and an enduring Empire." Thy description of the comfortable dwelling of the working classes of Dayton,— most all freeholds of their own,— interested me deeply. The want of freeholds in England is a sad bar to its material prosperity, and a sadder bar to the morals of its people. For want of this powerful incentive to good conduct,— the possession of a freehold,— the laboring classes in England are low in their aspirations and too often spend good wages recklessly, instead of devoting a surplus to a good and grand object. Here, the lingering effects of an effete feudalism meet us at every step,— in town or country it is all the same. The soil of the country is in the hands of the few. Many of our large towns lie in the hollow of one man's hand; and they are kept so by our custom of settlement and our laws of primogeniture and entail. Around the neighboring town of Gainsboro there are beautiful sites, admirably suited for suburban dwellings — bluffs and hill-sides, where, if we cannot look upon mysterious fortifications we may overlook Danish Encampments. The world is everywhere the same, strewn all over with the remains of people that have long since passed away. Lincoln Minster crosses a 'bluff' that overlooks the vale of Trent, and recent discovery has shown us that this 'bluff' was once the site of a Roman Encampment, from whence a conquering people might watch a subject race in the lands below. The great features of nature remain with all their varied outlines, and they tell us of the motives and passions of a long forgotten race.

But to return to the 'bluffs' of Gainsboro, they are now in the market for sale,— the owner, always of the same family from generation to generation, keeps them to let for cow pastures. Huddersfield, a large manufacturing town of Yorkshire, of 40,000 inhabitants, and full of a go-a-headism, is all, but *one small freehold,* the property of one man, Sir John Ramsden. He lets his building lots on lease of 99 years, for a handsome ground rent. At the expiration of the 99 years, the buildings, many of stone,—

massive and handsome — will fall into the hands of his family. The *one small freehold* is the property of a Friend. The family of the principal proprietor have repeatedly tried to buy this property. On the last occasion, the present Sir John offered to pave the whole plat with sovereigns in gold, and to give the paving as the purchase money. To this proposal, the Friend replied,— "Very well, I will agree with thee, but on this condition,— thou must plant the sovereigns edgeways!" This was rather too much of a good thing for Sir John, and he backed out. "Very well", rejoined the old Quaker,—"then Huddersfield belongs the one part to Sir John Ramsden and the other part to Thomas Firth."

Large estates cover the surface of the British Isles everywhere. With thirty million of people, we have only from 3 to 500,000 landholders,— a condition of things that I deplore most bitterly. I cannot say that it has its cast in the Norman conquest. It is rather the result of economic laws. Somehing like it grew up in the Southern States. Certainly it is our peculiar laws of succession that hold these vast estates together. English instincts are decidedly aristocratic. When men make fortunes by commerce or in the profession, they buy land and try to found a family. Even in humble life, fathers will cast off their daughters with a 5£ note that they may leave 3 or 4 thousands in land to an eldest son; not that the law obliges them to do so, but simply from choice. By making a will such people may divide as much as they like. Primogeniture is the rule in cases of intestacy,— it is the law, and as such it dictates the morality of the people.

I must, however, say this of the English Aristocracy,— a more generous race of men never lived. If they do hold the land, they let it at a very moderate rent, rarely exceeding 2½ per cent per annum on its selling value. Boswell, in his life of Johnson, says that they give another 2½ in homage, but I don't believe him. No, the present moment, under Free-trade, the landlord and the farmer are not sharing more than 6 per cent per annum, on their united capital,— the value of the land and the value of the stock upon it which is generally about 10£ per acre. No class of the English people would oppose the breaking up of our large estates so stoutly as the English tenant farmers. For myself, I long

for the freedom of the soil in England, and its accessibility to our patient and laborious peasants. I look upon many a manly face of this class, and think to myself,—'what a man you would become — what a master you might be, if you were only in the States.' There is nothing of an earthly character that seems to affect the very nature of a man so powerfully as the tenure of the soil on which he dwells. When a man feels his feet upon his own free soil, he feels the dignity of a king, and all the independence of manhood. I once heard the late Edward Everett say,—"Tell me the tenure of the soil, and I'll tell the condition of the people." To tell the truth, I think more of the freedom of the soil in America and its great abundance, as a source of happiness and posterity to the people, than I do of its democratic institutions. Pardon me, I am covering a deal of paper with a very dry subject, and perhaps saying some things to which thou will not very easily subscribe.

During the last Autumn, I gathered in my 30th Harvest in England, and it was the worst to get I ever knew. The crops were fair, but the weather for securing them the worst I ever knew. For 70 days it rained at some time within the 24 hours of each day. Fanny Kemble's Frenchman might have gone home to France and said that there was no ripe fruit in England, save roasted apples, and not have been very far from the truth. Our pears, some times very fine, had neither juice nor flavor,— they were good for nothing. We had no sunshine to ripen them. How the wheat and the oats and the barley found their way to maturity is a puzzle to me. I should revel in a jolly good roast in the States,— thermometer up to 90 in the shade. One 4th of July, whether it was the last or not I cannot say, but it was the 4th of July, thy Aunt was sitting on one side of the fire at her interminable knitting, and I at the other with a book in my hand. An odd thought just struck me,—"Mary," said I, "look around and see if you can find a fly in the room," and we both of us looked, but not a fly could we find. "Now," said I, "think of Independence-day at Salem, Mass., and tell me if the beautiful creatures were really such a nuisance as we took them to be." I would give a crown to see the table well covered with them, and another crown to hear the music of their buzz. Harvest is

generally a good time with us. The laborers get good wages, and they work with a will, and the farmers are cheerful at the prospect of well-filled stock-yards. Much of the simplicity of Harvest still lingers in these low-lands of Lincolnshire. We hear the shout of the Harvest Home, and we see the gleaners in the field. When the last load of grain enters our stock-yard, it is covered all over the top with as many shouting children as it can carry, and thy Aunt, and her maid, stand at the gate and give a little plum-cake to all comers. The shout I must give thee, though I am almost ashamed to do so.

"Master ..... is a good man, he gets
His Harvest as fast as he can,
Never thrown over — never stuck fast,
The Harvest Home has come at last."

Then there is the Harvest supper when master and mistress and all who have shared the labors of the Harvest take a cheerful meal together. I love to see the binding of the sheaves,— modern art has not yet contrived an abridgement of this operation. It is just as primitive as when Joseph and his brethren gathered in the Harvest of their father Jacob. When the gleaners are in the field, I cannot but think of Ruth and Naomi and the barley fields of Bethlehem, and the sketch we get of the rural life and manners among the Hebrews of that day. Boaz was the very type of the Hebrew gentleman,— his salutation to the reapers when he entered his fields,—"The Lord be with thee",— and the kindly response of the reapers,—"The Lord bless thee",— are touching characteristics of that early day. I wish that we had something like this pious courtesy in our own times. I do not know that we can find in all the compass of the English language, a better picture of a golden age, than we find in the second chapter of Ruth. It is full of piety, embellished with touching incidents of poetry and romance.

I continue to live on excellent terms with my friend the parson,— I do not use the term parson derisively. Thou will perhaps say, "why not live on good terms?"— I will tell thee. When my good friend wants a church rate, I go and oppose him, and am always sure to beat him — appeals to the selfishness of man-

kind are sure to succeed. However, I endeavor to carry on our vestry warfare with as much courtesy as I can command, and the parson on his side says,—"I intend to live you down, to love you down, and to pray you down — and if I cannot beat you Dissenters on that line, I'll give up." And to tell the truth, he sticks to his principles. He mostly takes tea with us when he shepherds his little flock at Bransby, and often gives us two hours when his service is over. The last time he was here, we had a long sitting, and my good friend got on his favorite hobby — philology — of which I understand just about as much as he is lucky enough to make plain to me, and some times not so much at that. He is a great stickler for an improved translation of the Scriptures, and the less I am disposed to encourage that enterprise so perilous — the more he wants to show the necessity. When I grow weary in listening to long lectures on language, on which I have precious little to say, he will wake me up by a flash of remorse, and when I have opened my eyes and buttoned back my ears, he will return again to the old subject,— an improved translation. The other evening he woke me up by telling me how Bishops are made in England, and as the illustration touches the Cloth, and involves a choice bit of Episcopal scandal, I must tell the tale as it was told to me.

Some time about the year 1826, a young Marquis of Coyningham fell head over ears in love with a Swiss governess, to the sore affliction of the Marchioness, his mother; and how to prevent the catastrophe almost drove the Lady to her wits end. At last she hit upon a scheme,— she sent for a young clergyman who had been private tutor to her sons, and made him acquainted with the awful state of affairs and her own way of getting out of what appeared to her Ladyship a very bad scrape. With a delicate and deliberate coolness, she proposed that the young clergyman should himself marry the Swiss girl and take her clear out of the road — promising at the same time to — *make it worth his while to do so.* The girl was young, beautiful and brilliant in accomplishments — polished off intellectually to the finest point, and more than all, she was as good as she was graceful. She was worthy of a Prince for that matter, and would make any man, gentle or simple, a capital wife. A good wife

and a covert promise, pretty well understood by the parties, were large temptations for a poor clergyman, and to be short — he married the Swiss girl. The honeymoon had scarcely set, when the See of Winchester fell vacant. The Marchioness, true to her pledge, whispered in the ear of George the Fourth, with whom scandal says she was by far too intimate, and the Bishopric of Winchester became the Swiss girl's dowry. From that day to this, said my informant, the revenues of the See have never been lower than 15,000£ sterling per annum, and for some years has risen as high as 29,000, with a proportionate amount of patronage, which our lucky hero — the born child of Nepotism, uses largely for the benefit of his kith and kin; and if a gentle reproach ever reaches him, he quietly replies, by quoting a certain text in the Epistle, which thou will remember better than I can just now, that says something about a man being worse than an infidel that provideth not for his own.

Some time ago, our friend the parson, was fast for a place of meeting in the neighboring hamlet of Sturton, and applied to my son James for the use of our Quaker meeting-house; and James coming over to me to know what he was to do; not seeing my way clear, I took down the Book of Quaker Discipline, and happily found that lending of meeting-houses was left to the wise discretion of those in charge. "Oh!" said I to James, "it is discretional, if we do get wrong, let us be wrong on the liberal side — let him have it." A few days afterwards I was at the Rectory of the next parish, and on telling the Rector that our parson had held a service in our Quaker meeting-house, he held up his hands in perfect astonishment — he was a high churchman. "Oh!" said I, "don't be so wonderfully surprised — I can tell thee something far more strange. The real wonderment is that the Quakers let a church parson have their meeting-house." Shortly after this affair, one of our best preachers happened along, and we called a public meeting, and among the invited turned up the parson. "I am come" said he, "to hear what sort of doctrine you Quakers teach to my parishioners." "Very good" said I,— and I walked him into the gallery and set him close beside the Quaker preacher. After the meeting was over, the two good men — the Quaker preacher and the parson — had

a very pleasant conversation — a long evening together at my son's, and parted the very best of friends. Who shall say the Millennium is a long way off!

Well, my dear Nephew, I think I have inflicted upon you a tolerable amount of twaddle, but how can I help it? Here I am, cooped up in a nook of the world, and almost as much of a vegetable as the cabbages I grow for my sheep. Thy letter to me was largely of the stuff of which history is made. I cannot return it in kind. Nothing short of a violently contested election ever disturbs my equilibrium, and that, I am thankful to say, does not occur but once in ten years. Something of the kind is just now looming in the distance, but failing health and accumulating years must excuse me from hard service. We are in for manhood suffrage, and in the flood-tide of our liberality, we shall eventually rise as high as woman suffrage. Thank heaven we have no negroes, or our professional agitators, with all their blundering notions of abstract right, would have another string to play upon.

I see by the newspapers that the battle between Free-trade and protection has commenced in the States. It is a pity that you Americans should follow in the wake of old Mother England so colonially as you do. As crows the old bird, so crows the young one. You profess to have left the old country far in the rear, when you are simply trotting after her, without at all measuring the difference in circumstances of the two countries. That which may be potent for good in one country, may be potent for evil in the other. One is a new country,— and the other is an old one. My experience of Free-trade carried out in this country as a principle and adopted in all cases without discrimination, has not left a favorable impression of its benefits to the producing classes; nor can I think it fair. If the native producer has large taxes to pay, it is but fair that the foreign producer of the same article should pay in like manner as near as human wisdom can approach fairness. This would be honest to the consumer and producer alike. When a foreigner takes his goods or his wares into any country, he has a right to pay for the privilege he enjoys, and the protection of the laws under which he is making his profits. The United States are perhaps the best market in

the world for the productions of Europe; but only think for a moment what it has cost the United States to become so. Think of the amount of taxes paid in the States — think of the innumerable institutions they support, all of which go to build up a structure of society that makes them the prime market of the world. My argument is this, if foreigners come in to take advantage,— to sell their produce or their wares in a market built up at such a cost to the nation, they have a right to pay towards its support. Take my own case and it is the case of English farmers generally. The people of England say to me,—"Thomas Spencer, thou shalt pay a heavy land tax for the privilege of working the soil,— thou shalt pay handsomely towards the support of the poor, and the maintenance of the needy,— and to support the Church — thou shalt pay a tenth of thy whole produce, or what was the absolute tenth in 1836; — and besides all this, thou shalt pay Income tax and all other taxes direct and indirect in common with other people. Now we know that all these imposts will make thy produce dear; therefore, we shall open the ports and buy of foreigners who did not have to pay such heavy rates and can afford to sell cheaper! — And, the thing is done. In destroying what was thought to be a domestic monopoly, they have built up one that is foreign. But no injustice can be perpetuated without bringing its own appropriate punishment. Our English Agriculture is declining: 3 millions of agricultural people have left the shores of Ireland and carried a bitterness in their hearts that has burst out in the form of Fenianism. Our own agricultural laborers decline at the rate of 9,000 a year,— at least they did between '51 and '61. We are now depending upon foreigners for nearly half our food; a very perilous position. In spite of the peans that we sing in praise of Free-trade, it is leading England into an amount of financial difficulty that threatens to overthrow her long standing and most cherished institutions. Her ports are open. She is the sinkhole for the surplus produce of all nations, and in it comes without let or hindrance. During 1865, this country bought a million pounds sterling a week more than she sold. The balance of her foreign trade was everywhere against her, and hence the money troubles of last May. During the past year, 1866, so far as I

can come at the statistics, we exported at the rate of half a million pounds sterling a day,— but we imported, or rather foreigners poured into our open ports, at the rate of three quarters of a million per day,— hence the gloom and apprehension that prevails in our commercial and manufacturing communities; it is felt that a large balance is piling up against us that will one day have to be paid in gold.

I would have replied before this time to thy very kind and affectionate letter, but during last Summer I suffered much from illness. For a long time I was burned up with a slow fever, which at last culminated in a violent inflamation of the eyes. I had to sit in darkness, which was only relieved by thy Aunt reading to me. Finally I came out of the affliction with the loss of the use of one eye — it is dark, and the other that remains is in a very precarious state. Ever and anon thy Aunt wants to know whether I have not almost done writing to thee, and says that short letters are better for both the writer and the reader, and I believe that she is about right, certainly in my case. Though no scholar, I have ever been a reading man, and for an unlettered person I have accumulated many books. Now-a-days, when I go into my little sanctum, there are my books, but I do not take down one of them to read and study as I have done. The Lord's will be done. It is an affliction. May I have patience to bear it! Thy excellent cousin, Sarah Sonnenschein, bids me think of Milton, and fall back on my own resources. Alas! for me — I have none. There is no ..... within me. When I try to enter the chamber of my own memory it appears a sheer lumber-room, strewn all over with fragments of broken furniture, covered with dust and dangling with cobwebs. I regret now that I did not pay attention to music when I was young — it would be a real solace now that my reading is so much abridged. All young people should have something of music put into them. Now excuse me if I give thee a word of advice. When my eyes showed symptoms of inflamation, I went up to London to consult a first-class oculist, and he told me he feared I had been in the habit of using my eyes when the body was fatigued and the whole system wanting repose. Never, I beseech thee, pretend to read when the book keeps dropping on the knee,— lay it down,

— fling thyself on the sofa,— take a gentle nap — and then up and at it like a giant refreshed. I thank thee for sending me "The Theatre"; it reached me safely, and is now in London among thy learned cousins, who, by the way, are not the cleverest persons in the world about returning such things; but I think I must add they are fully as good as I am. I rejoice sincerely that thou are placed by Divine providence in a position for doing good. Thou art just where thy Father would have placed thee had he lived and been permitted to have the thing he most desired; and I think I may say as much of thy grandfather Robinson. That thou may live long in the enjoyment of doing good,— that many souls may be added as seals to thy ministry,— that the approbation of the Divine Master,— the Minister of Ministers may be always palpably before thee is my sincere prayer.

Please to give my love to every member of thy family, down to the little one who had such a preference for angels' wings, to the gallant Col. and also Mary May I desire to be particularly remembered; they remembered the old folks at Bransby on a notable occasion, and we don't forget it. To every member of thy Father's family please to present my love, as occasion may offer; and in all this thy good Aunt unites most cordially.

Believe me, thy ever Affectionate Uncle,

THOMAS SPENCER.

NOTE.— In transmitting to me a copy of portions of this letter, my father wrote:

"Such are uncle's remarks on subject of Free Trade. They are the sound, common-sense views of an English, practical farmer. Considering that he is a self-educated man, eighty odd years of age, and blind of one eye, you will agree with me that he sees some things very clearly.

Uncle Spencer and my Father were intimately acquainted in England; not far apart in age; and, in earlier life, thorough Republicans, radicals, as they call them in England. In 1815-16, and before, their lives were scarcely safe, in the high political contests of the country. Do you remember that Southey, Coleridge & Co. were fiery radicals in their young days? They died ultra-conservatives! "And sich is life," as A. Ward would say. The young dash off in new experiments; grow cool by experience;— and become fearful of novelties in old age." (A. A. T.)

XLIV

TO HIS SON

Dayton, O., 4-23-1867.

My dear Alfred:

Yesterday I wrote you rather a discouraging letter about our church affairs. Last night we had a meeting of the Trustees and Building Committee, to decide the fate of our proposed edifice. The new Trustees are Jno. Stoddard, Henry L. Brown, Leonard Moore, Henry Stoddard, George Phillips; Thos. O. Lowe, Treasurer; David Stewart, Clerk. Of the B. Com., beside the above were present, T. A. Phillips, Jno. G. Lowe, Col. E. A. Parrott, Isaac Haas, and myself. We met and talked from 7:30 to 10 P. M. Young America was pitted against the old Guard: Col. Parrott and Jno. Stoddard insisting on commencing a new building at once, by taking immediate steps for the removal of the old structure, and deciding on a plan: T. A. Phillips, Col. Lowe and H. L. Brown very warmly urging that the $50,000 already secured would not justify us in beginning a work that would cost at least $70,000. The discussion grew quite warm, but I urged we all agreed on the main points, and could harmonize on details by a little mutual forbearance. L. Moore quietly supported the old side; Haas in like tone, the young one. T. O. Lowe behaved handsomely, insisting, as Treasurer, having an exact knowledge of the sittings, that there was a manifest and growing demand for pews which could not be met without a new house. H. Stoddard said but little, yet as he has subscribed $8,000,—$1,500 more than any one else,—his few words in favor of immediate action carried weight. David Stewart, of course, sided with the younger men. Finally a resolution to begin and build, carried by every vote but one: a second resolution to appoint a sub-committee to secure estimates, and clear the ground for a new structure at once, carried almost unanimously: and Jno. Stoddard, Haas, Stewart, and myself as chairman, were named as the sub-committee.

Thus we are fully committed to the work: the Rubicon is passed; and we have 18 months hard work before us. We shall begin at once to take down our old house.

Hereafter I hope to write more frequently; being in better spirits. I began in earnest to secure a new church last September, preaching three sermons on the subject at proper intervals. The flood checked us, as it checked all business for a month. On Jany. 4, I began a subscription for enlargement; in Feby. a new subscription for a new house. For the last three weeks, as I approached $50,000, I was daily reminded of Pope's line on the labors of Sisyphus,

"With many a weary step, and many a groan,
Up a high hill he heaved a huge round stone."

and feared I might realize the rest of the couplet;

"The huge round stone, recoiling, with a bound,
Thundered impetuous down, and smoked along the ground."

I quote from memory, and may mistake a word or two; but you see the sentiment. Now I feel that the summit has been reached and passed; and what remains, tho' toilsome, will be *down-hill work*. Laus Deo!

XLV

TO HIS BROTHER, JOHN

Dayton, O., 24 June, 1867.

My dear Brother John:

* * * Last September, after repeated failures in former years, I resolved to make a last attempt to secure a new church building here. We have been losing ground for ten years in our church, for want of pews to rent, and other facilities for our church work. I have had repeated calls to exchange Dayton for other fields of labor. The chair at Chicago Seminary was at my disposal, after Dr. MacMaster's death, if I had chosen to accept it; and I had a pressing invitation from the First Church of Cincinnati. But I preferred to remain here if I could have room for growth. Well, I preached twice or three times on the duty and necessity of rebuilding; when the flood of last Fall, so memorable in this valley, washed away all my preparations. After a little rest, I pressed the duty again. By the beginning of the year I resolved to try once more; and succeed or leave. In the Session the task was considered hopeless. Mr. Brown and others, (Elders, Trustees and Deacons), said they would believe it possible to raise the necessary funds when they saw the walls going up, and not till then! Only one of them all volunteered to help me, and he went but once or twice,— Dr. MacDermont, Surgeon General of Ohio — one of our Elders. H. Stoddard, *Jr.*, however, encouraged and helped me, also.

I began to circulate a subscription Jan. 1, 1867, for $40,000 to *enlarge* the old building. It was thought by some that an enlargement might be practicable, while a new building was out of the question. In six weeks I had so nearly completed the subscription of $40,000, that success was certain. Then, as I had anticipated and predicted, the subscribers began to think that it was a pity to *enlarge* an old house at more than double its original cost. So I threw away my subscription paper, and drew up another for a new edifice. I had raised about $50,000 of the

First Presbyterian Church, Dayton, Ohio

$70,000 supposed to be needed, when I called a church meeting, or two, and pressed an immediate decision. Some of our leading subscribers attended, and *opposed* decisive action. Most of the gentlemen of the congregation absented themselves, and took no part. Still, at my urgent advice, a building committee was appointed, and the decision turned over to them. The committee was twelve in number,— just twice too many; — and I was purposely left off, that I might not seem to be too influential in the matter! Well, the committee met, and privately invited me to attend as an *ex-officio looker-on!* As I had secured every dollar of the $50,000 subscribed, by my repeated and pressing personal application, I might justly have taken offense at this unkindness, though it was not intended as unkindness:—but to meet the objection of some *friend* and his wife, who had said that it was not necessary to appoint a building committee, for I would have everything done as I wished at any rate! (Ha! ha! ha!). The committee met, and found that my advice and co-operation were indispensable; for I knew all that was known about the funds procured and to be procured; and I only would devote the time and labor needful to complete the undertaking. So I was unanimously added to the committee by its own action, at its first meeting; and at the second meeting was made chairman, i. e., *factotum.*

I next urged the immediate removal of our old house, and presented a plan for a new one, ground plan, and elevation. The plan was one of my own construction, after a careful study of church architecture, and the capacities of our ground, a corner lot, 100x200 feet. The demolition of the house was earnestly resisted by T. A. Phillips, Col. Jno. G. Lowe and H. L. Brown, who wished to worship there till the full sum needed to rebuild was subscribed. But this, I knew, could never be done till a new building became an imperative necessity; and so long as the old house stood, so long would some withhold their subscriptions, on the plea that the old one satisfied them. Well, young America carried the point, at my urgency, against the wheel-horses, who held back so stoutly. H. Stoddard, Jr., Col. Parrott, D. Stewart, (brother of Dr. Stewart), T. O. Lowe, I. Haas, John Stoddard, etc., against the former named; and John L., D. Stewart, and I

were appointed the demolishing committee. We went to work with a will. The old ladies wept, next Sabbath, when they saw the sacred steeple taken down, and by the second Sabbath the house was untenantable. We bade it goodbye on the first Sabbath of May, with a communion service and a baptismal service.

The plan I proposed met, from the first, the unanimous and cordial approval of the committee, with one exception. It is on the early English Gothic style; of stone; in the form of an L (L), 144 ft. by 100 ft., including the space below to represent our lot.

This *ground-floor* stands three feet above the ground outside, with a cellar of eight feet depth under the entire building. The walls will be 27 ft. high, outside; and the comb of the main roof 71 ft.— so that the roof is steep. The south gable will have a large triplet Gothic window, and a lancet-window on each side of it. The porch entrance will rise to the height of the wall with its peaked front, say 24 ft. The inner finish of the *roof,* (which is of slate), will be open timbered, arches of Norway pine springing from the inner walls toward the apex. There will be no ceiling, proper; only an inner casing of wood, corresponding (parallel) to the slate roof.

Over the ground floor of the rear building is a second story, in three rooms; of which the east room over the lecture room, but larger, is a social hall for *social* meetings of the congregation as distinguished from its strictly worshipping assemblies. The rear of the second story (west) is in two rooms, for the young men, and the young women.

The house will seat 800 persons easily, and 1,000 if needful. We have no gallery. The whole will cost about $75,000 to $80,000.

I presented this plan, with its elevation rudely sketched, at my direction, by Col. Anderson (son of Gov. Anderson), and he heartily approved it; assuring me that it would be second to none in the West. Blackburn of Cleveland, an Elder of Fred. T. Brown's former church, is the architect. He has drawn out the designs in full; and I go tonight to give them a final revision and approval, at Cleveland.

The old house has disappeared, and we begin excavation and building on my return from Cleveland.

I have written a long letter. Some things I have said in confidence, *not to be made public*. A few gentlemen have warmly seconded my labors,— tho' some of them disapproved some steps. Henry Stoddard, Jr., who subscribed $8,000, should be named first. T. A. Phillips $6,500; A. P. Stoddard $5,000; Col. J. G. Lowe $4,000; Jno. Stoddard and I. Haas $3,000 each; H. L. Brown $2,000, etc., etc.

On the whole, I have reason to thank God and take courage. The house will not be completed till next Fall; but I may hope to occupy it for some time and leave a valuable work for coming generations. I forgot to say that the tower rises 100 ft., of stone, 25 ft. square, and ends in a 75 ft. spire of slate-covered timber.

Your affc. Brother,

Tho. E. Thomas.

XLVI

FROM HIS UNCLE, THOMAS SPENCER

Bransby, Saxilby Station, G. N. Railway.
Lincoln — 9/3 mo./'70.

My very dear Nephew:

I have long been thy debtor for thy welcome and valued letter by Mr. Eugene Parrott. I took the liberty of sending it the family round — to our Emma — to thy cousin Sarah Sonnenschein — and to thy Uncle Stallybrass, who sent it to his sons. I thou't that I should have sent thee some sort of acknowledgement long before this time, but I have been pluming myself upon having prevailed upon thy cousin Sarah and thy Uncle Stallybrass to open a correspondence with thee, and in the fullness of my satisfaction, have fallen back upon my accustomed laziness.

I thank thee for introducing me to a gentleman so much after my own heart as Mr. Eugene Parrott — he was everything that thy letter indicated, and something more, and all on the sunny side. I only regret that he should take the trouble to cross the Island from Liverpool to Lincoln and get so little for his pains. Thy Aunt and I were prepared to receive the whole party and give them an English welcome, and so were the Smithsons and the Sonnenscheins. I flattered myself that we could amongst us have contributed in some small degree to their entertainment.

And now my dear nephew to the real business that has spurred me to sit down with a fair sheet before me. I observed in thy letter to Sarah S. that thou claimed affinity with the Pilgrim Fathers. Good! I am about as much connected with the Brewsters of Nottinghamshire as thou art with the Bradfords of Yorkshire. And here permit me to correct, with much diffidence, thy history, or at least a slip of thy pen. Dorothy May was the first wife of Gov. Bradford — not of elder Brewster as stated in thy letter. Bransby is about 20 miles or a little more from the English homes of Brewster and Bradford. I once told thee of

a little old church remarkable for its age — some eight or nine hundred years — and its capacity,— apparent capacity,— to stand another term of the same length. That church was the parish church of Austerfield, the birthplace of Gov. Bradford, and there, to this day stands the altar and the same communion rails before which his Grandfather and Grandmother were married — the record of his birth is found in the parish books. The Governor was married to Dorothy May in Holland, but of this I need not to tell thee.

Scrooby in Nottinghamshire, distant about three miles from Austerfield, was the dwelling place of the elder Brewster. To this spot I have made three pilgrimages. The first nearly 20 years ago, and then I made what I thought an interesting discovery. All the pilgrims both English and American declare that not a vestige of Scrooby Manor, the abode of Brewster, is now in existence, but I found out that a portion of the manor house is incorporated and hidden in a modern farm house; and this portion, a spot of great interest. In the farm house it has been known as the manor chamber; but I take it to have been a Chapel in Roman Catholic times;— such Chapels abounded in the old religious houses. The Piscina is there and immediately before it a larger recess in the opposite wall where I imagine a cross or an image of the Virgin might have stood. Immediately before this Chapel, which is an upper room, there is still standing and alive an old mulberry tree, said to have been planted by Cardinal Woolsey. I have seen the old oaks in Sherwood forest, and I have paid some attention to the deviation of hedges, and I believe the tradition. From this tree I yesterday took a number of slips and wrapped up one for thee in a newspaper. I hope thee may get it safe and make it grow. I believe that Brewster and Bradford eat of the fruit of that tree and sat beneath its shade. Passionate and impulsive myself, I am apt to think all the world just so; but if the mean little slip should have in it no interest for thee — please to put it on the fire and say no more about it. If thou should ever come to England I must take thee to Scrooby and Austerfield and show thee my special discovery. Peradventure it is the cradle where the Infant Giant of the West drew its first faint struggling breath. The chamber or Chapel which I claim

as my discovery may have been the place where the first church of the pilgrim fathers was formed.

But in writing to thee about some future visit from thee, I am forgetting how old I am. I have been very unwell and very feeble for nearly the year past — blind of one eye and seeing but dimly with the other. I have written hastily, and thou must in charity excuse me. God has been an ever present help to me thro' a long life, and I trust in his mercy and goodness for all that is to come. Thy Aunt is really hearty — she has gone a long journey to one of our monthly meetings, apparently unconscious how old she is.

Thy ever affectionate Uncle,

THOMAS SPENCER.

We have had as visitors in Bransby the Misses Alison, two charming young ladies. They knew Dayton and the Parrott family.

XLVII

TO HIS SON

Pigeon Cove, Mass., 12 July, 1871.

My dear Alfred:

I wrote Lizzie on our arrival at Northboro, that you might be relieved of anxiety on our account. I now write that my own anxiety may be relieved, for I am uneasy at the newspaper reports of a tornado in Dayton last Sunday. They intimate the destruction of a German Lutheran Church, accompanied by many deaths; and damage to the spires of several other churches. The Boston Journal speaks of the "School of the United Brethren and St. Mary's Church" being destroyed. This I take to be the "Brothers" Catholic school south of the cemetery. It is said "the bridge over the Miami was blown down". Which of the four bridges can this be? What was the direction of the storm? Mr. Parker and I tried, last night, to trace it, by the uncertain allusion to the damage done, but found it difficult. * *

I found Mr. Parker and his son, Grafton, at my old home — the Pigeon Cove House. Mr. P.'s name heads the list for the season on the books of the House. Dr. Fullerton of Chillicothe, O., with his wife and two daughters, (the Dr. a cousin of Tom Fullerton's father), came to the Cove House on the same train with me. The daughters met me here three years ago, and the father recognized me. So I have some agreeable acquaintances, which aids to fill up the hours one cannot spend in walking, bathing, reading or writing. The Cove House has been wholly rebuilt, and affords every accommodation one can desire. My room looks out on the broad sea; with Rockport, with its low point of land stretching like a giant finger toward the ocean. Three light houses are in sight, where, when a dense fog renders the lights invisible, as was the case last night, a deep-sounding fog-trumpet, blown by hot air, serves to warn and guide vessels at sea. I sat some hours yesterday afternoon, on the rocky coast

overlooking the sea, watching the tide as it slowly covered the stony beach. Byron saw in it the image of *death*: —

"A dark, unsullied wave, that oversweeps the world."

To me it is the symbol of *life*, in its everlasting roll and play; and in the ceaseless, restless activity of its evershifting billows. After dreaming over the boundless prospect till my limbs required a change, I imitated the example of Homer's old priest, Chryseis: —(I quote from memory, and may not be exact),

βη δ'ἀκεων παρα ζινα πολυφλοισβοιο θαλασσης.

If your Greek is in the vocative, ask John if he can translate the line. "The *many-sounding* sea" is intelligible enough; but I never could appreciate Homer's other epithet of the sea, when he speaks of the "innumerable laughter" of its waves. It takes a lively imagination, I think, to discover in the play of the billows the *wrinkles* of an innumerous laughter on the broad face of old Ocean. Reaching the extreme point of Pigeon Cove, which is itself the extreme point of Cape Ann, I plunged in for my first bath at 5 P. M. Returning homeward, I met Mr. P. and son with fifty fine perch they had caught since dinner. Capital fish to eat, as I found at dinner to-day.

Last night, about 12, I was waked by the unusual sound of the fog-trumpets; voice answering to voice, at equal intervals, as if some huge sea monsters were holding discourse. Unable to sleep again at once, I set to work on the two sermons I must preach next Sunday at Northboro, and my inaugural at Lane Seminary; and succeeded in shaping them all. Of my inaugural, I composed the exordium, carefully composing and retouching every sentence; and sketching the outline of the whole discourse, with clusters of facts, allusions, and particular expressions; which I shall put on paper to-day. I am to preach in Worcester on the 23rd, and at Rockport on the 30th. So I shall not be idle you see. Have read and re-read half *De Senectute* since I left home.

XLVIII

TO HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER

Northboro, Mass., 18 July, 1871.

My dear Leila:

We received your brief but sensible letter, and John's enclosure of Uncle S.'s, yesterday evening. Let me say, first, that your penmanship is neat and creditable, but that you sometimes forget the proper formation of a letter. Thus *sick,* is twice written *rich;* the *s* and *k* being only half made; so that but for the context I could never have divined the sense. I knew that Alfred might be *sick,*— and am very sorry to hear it,— but I was sure he was not *rich.* It is a mortification to receive a letter in which some words are illegible. This may be excused in an old man, like Uncle S., whose statement of the P. O. address of Ad. Sonnenschein is utterly useless, for I cannot read it; but a young person should try to make every letter legible.

I wrote Lizzie from N. on our arrival; and to Alfred from Pigeon Cove. I left the Cape last Saturday morning for Northboro; and preached here twice on Sabbath. Yesterday I took the coach for Worcester, 10 miles; a charming ride over hill and vale, through a beautiful grass country. I never before saw the natural barrenness of this region so fully; and how much it owes to the hard labor of the inhabitants for its attractions. The soil is almost worthless, except for grass; though capable, in spots, of improvement by cultivation, so as to produce fair crops. Yet the villages and farms are neat and beautiful; the landscape, undulating, with irregular hills, and tortuous valleys; and sometimes grand with the presence of a lofty, massive mountain-ridge, like Wachuset; reminds me of the line I used to read in the "Introduction to the English Reader", when a boy —("cum essem adolescens", as Cicero says;)

"Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view?"

Our Miami Valley is beautiful; but it lacks the endless diversity of this region.

At Worcester, I met Mr. G. Henry Whitcomb, and wife, his father, and Mr. Holden; besides a Rev. Mr. Phillips of Columbus, O., and a Rev. Mr. Miles of Boston, Secretary of the Amer. Peace Society. Mr. Holden is visiting a married daughter here. Mr. Whitcomb, Abby Estabrook's husband, had invited me to supply the pulpit of Dr. Sweeter, whose church he attends. Perhaps I may preach there next Sunday. Mr. W. lives in a very beautiful home on the outskirts of the city. He had just bought a pretty Albert buggy, and horse, very similar to ours. He drove me from his office, through the best parts of the town, to his house, where I dined. I examined his *envelope factory;* very interesting, as I had never seen the manufacture before. Five hundred sheets of proper paper are cut into fit shape, by a steel frame of the shape desired. The glutinous matter is then put on where I have dotted the outline. This is done all at once, on a wheel; by one revolution of which they are dried. Then the pack is put into a machine no larger than a sewing machine, managed by a twelve year old girl. The machinery stamps adhesive matter on four spots on the upper envelope; lifts it and draws it under an oblong press just the size of the face of the finished envelope. This presses the sheet down on a metal plate; where the sides and ends, already glued, are turned over by fingers of steel, and pressed together. The bottom plate drops with it; and is carried into a box, where the girl receives it. The whole is done, making one envelope, as fast as you can count. They are boxed up by the girl; 250 in a box. These boxes are made in the same house, by machinery. Whitcomb & Co. made *50 million* envelopes from January to July: 80 millions last year; or *two* for every man, woman and child; white, black and Indian; in the United States. This is the way the Yankees grow rich. This whole State is covered with manufactories of one sort or another. I hope, another Summer, to show you N. England. You will find enough to repay all your trouble.

Tell Alfred to be very careful of his diet. He cannot *bolt* his food as he does, and be well always. Let Cicero ask him: "Quid enim est aliud, gigantûm modo bellare cum Diis, *nisi naturae repugnare?*"

Love to all.

Yr. aff. Father,

Tho. E. Thomas.

XLIX

TO HIS SON

Forest Hills, Mass., 2 August, 1871.

My dear John:

Nat and I leave here this morning for Hampton Beach. Your mother remains at Uncle Vose's, which she prefers to the seaside.

I have spent a few hours in the Boston Bookstores. I find them quite inferior to Clark's in Cincinnati. I inquired in a dozen for a book lately published here by Dr. J. F. Clarke; but found it nowhere. Most of the trade had not heard of it. So I found scarcely a copy of the Greek Testament! I stepped into one of the best in Cornhill. The owner assured me he had not a N. T. in his house. I looked around a little, and found in a back corner half a dozen copies of Bagster's Greek and English with Lexicon, like mine that the dog tore; and one copy, not yet taken out of the wrapping, of the *Editio Stephanicus;* printed in Cambridge, England, 1870; (?) with the various readings of Beza, Elzevir, Lachmann, Tischendorf, and Tregelles: a beautiful type, only the Greek; and just the size of Bagster's referred to above. It is a *gem*: cost me two dollars only; and is just what I shall need in my Seminary recitations.

At Northboro, I found two or three old books which I have read. "The Modern Antichrist" by Seth Paysen; of which, I think, I wrote you. This I have finished with deep interest. The second is a work of Andros of Berkley, printed in Worcester, Mass., 1802: a refutation of Emmonism, a system once popular in N. England, which made God the efficient agent in all the sinful volitions and acts of man. The book is an admirable specimen of scriptural reasoning. There has been a wonderful change among N. England people since Andros' day. Such a sermon as he preached would find few audiences now who would care to listen to such a solid body of compact truth.

I have diversified my reading with Cicero's De Senectute and De Amicitia, which I have just finished. They pleased me so

well that I inquired in classic Boston for his De Natura Deorum: and after asking in vain at a dozen bookstores, and being shown his *Orations* instead of it, I dropped into a large "antique" book store, and after some search, found it. I will finish the two vols. before I leave the seaside.

Last night, I dipped into Alex. H. Stephens' defense of himself and "the lost cause" of State rights: a silly work, in two large 8vo. vols.; which he calls a *"Colloquy"*, after the style of Plato and Cicero! But what a contrast between the clear, compact, condensed *sunlight* of Cicero; and the drawling drivel of Stephens! Cicero is *immortal* in *60, 18mo. pages:* Stephens is *stillborn* in *1600 pages.* Truly μέγα βιβλίον, μέγα κακόν. As Calvin says: I never could rid myself of my preference for conciseness. And this reminds me of a story. Louis XIV. of France loved the man of few words. In traveling, he met a priest on horseback. "Hallo! friend," said he, "Where are you from: Whither are you going? and what do you want?" The priest, who knew the King's taste, replied: "From Bruges: to Paris: a benefice." "You shall have one," said the Monarch; and he kept his word.

Speaking of conciseness reminds me that I have yet to hear the *first* pleasing and profitable sermon in Massachusetts. I have heard four or five; of which I will speak hereafter. If I judged all by them, *"ex pende Herculem"* is the old rule, I should say that the Ministry has degenerated. But one cannot, unless he is a veritable σχολαστικός, judge a house by one brick.

I must close, as the cars are coming. Write me what is going on at home. If May has returned, I shall be glad to hear from her. Give my love to all friends; and I have left *many* in Dayton, whom I shall never forget. Kiss Tom and Ethel for me. Tell Leila to take exercise, and not read much. Let her paint her cheeks this summer. Next summer I hope to take her to the seaside.

"Exhort young men to be sober-minded."

Yr. aff. Father,

Tho. E. Thomas.

L

TO HIS WIFE

Lane Seminary, 12 Apr., 1872.

Carissima mea:

Lizzie has written you of her safe arrival last evening. I found her at home about 6 P. M., on my return from Presbytery. I walked into the city toward 10 A. M., and I remained holding the pail, while others milked the he-goats, till 5 P. M. The subject of rotary eldership was debated all day. I received my dismission from Dayton Presbytery, and was enrolled among the members of Cincinnati Presbytery, afternoon. I had the modesty, however, to hold my tongue. Lowry (our elder), Dr. Skinner, Mt. Auburn Taylor, Furny, (elder of 3d Church) against: Monfort, Hills, Dr. Holly, Wyoming, Wilson Brown (elder of 5th Av.), Dr. Nelson, etc., *pro* rotation. Presbytery decided to ask the Gen. Assembly's opinion by overture; and laid on the table, by thirty-three to thirty-two, a resolution requesting the churches to elect no more rotators until the Assembly shall decide the matter!

* * *

Affectionately,

Your Husband.

LI

TO HIS WIFE

Oxford, O., 18 April, 1872.

My Dearest:

The Board met here at nine this morning. I left home yesterday after dinner: spent two hours with Mr. Taylor and wife. Took the cars at five. Met Judge McClung at the Hamilton depot, and rode out with him to spend the night at Maj. Millikin's; but on the way we met the Major and Mrs. M. and Nannie Kennedy going in to attend a wedding at Col. Campbell's. His second daughter was married to the third son of Thomas Millikin, Esq. Maj. Millikin's house was empty and locked up; so Miss K. invited me to go to her father's, which I did. Found Mr. and Mrs. K. at home. Mr. K. has been very sick with pneumonia, but is out again. They welcomed me, and we spent the evening very charmingly, talking of old times, and of the trials through which the Lord has led us.

* * *

After breakfast, I walked over toward Maj. M.'s; but met him on his way for me. We rode to H. and took our cars for Oxford. Mr. Herron, Judge Gilmore, Judge McClung, etc., were on the train. We have just adjourned after a very pleasant session. We have adopted Prof. Hepburn's plan of the course of study; have elected him President; have elected a Mr. Coleman of Virginia, Professor of Greek, etc., etc. The President is to be inaugurated at the Commencement, and I am to deliver the charge of the Board.

LII

TO PROFESSOR JARED M. STONE

Work at Lane Seminary

Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, O.,
22 May, 1872.

My dear Brother:

How very *stony* your heart must be to decline the overtures of ancient friendship! I wrote you a year ago, and you answered me. I replied and received no answer. Are we to keep apart forever? Last month I met with the University Board at Oxford, of which I am a member. The visit recalled the memory of our early days. Our Alma Mater is in a sadly declining state; only some ninety students during the year. The Board, at the suggestion of Pres. Hepburn,— we chose him President at that meeting,— he is Dr. McGuffey's son-in-law,— adopted the Virginia University plan of study; hoping that the change may secure additional attendance; but the prospects are far from cheering. Bishop, in the Latin chair, and Lowes in the Grammar School, are all that remain of our early friends.

Our Seminary has been prosperous during the past year. I send you a catalogue. We had forty-two students. The clerk sums up forty, while there are forty-one names printed, and one name (P. B. West) was omitted altogether. As old Dr. Bishop used to say, they were "the most promising set of young men" I have met with. Of our sixteen graduates, three are going to foreign fields. They sail for Persia in August.

I need not say that my labors here are very delightful. The Seniors study Romans: the Middlers, Robinson's Harmony of the Gospels; and the Juniors, John, Acts, and Romans, aiming chiefly at a knowledge of New Testament Greek. Having expounded Romans four times, seriatim in the pulpit; and taught it once or twice over in New Albany Seminary; I have felt the more confidence in undertaking to unfold the meaning of it now.

But what could be more charming,— that is not the word,— more sweetly attractive, than to follow with minute accuracy, under the guidance of the four evangelists, every footstep of our divine Lord! To be sure we could do this but partially in one term. Another year, I hope to be ready for a more carefully selected course of study in the life of Christ.

In teaching both the upper classes, I have adopted the course of thoroughly prepared, but unwritten lectures. I have sometimes made notes upon the more difficult passages, but rather for future than for present use. This method gives more freedom and life to my lectures; and is more stimulating to the young men, who have freely expressed their satisfaction with the method. It might be liable to superficiality and diffuseness; but that depends on the exactness of one's preparation, and the power of concise expression acquired by the professor.

We have a fair prospect for the coming year: yet our Senior class for '73 will be almost one-half smaller than the last. It was sadly interfered with, before I came, by the marriage of one-half its members, which scattered them. If there are any young men of your acquaintance whom you can direct hither, we shall be obliged to you. Our scholarship funds were ample for the aid of more than applied.

Let me hear from you before we go East; which will be about the 25th of June. Tell me how life goes with you. How I should enjoy a day or two's intercourse with you! Mrs. T. joins me in love.

LIII

TO HIS WIFE

Lane Seminary, Cinti., O.,
25 May, 1872.

Dear Mother:

Alfred and I went directly from the depot to Dr. Mussey's office. He examined A.'s hand quietly, and told him at once what must be done. A. says the Doctor's quiet and decided and prompt reply to every question he put, has given him a confidence in his skill and knowledge of the case, that he has heretofore felt in no surgeon who has examined his hand.

Dr. M. said an operation is the only cure. A. will be confined to his bed to recover from the chloroform, and to avoid the fever which usually accompanies a surgical operation. In three or four weeks the hand will be entirely healed. The Doctor fixed on Tuesday for the operation to be performed in our rooms on the Hills: he probed the hand in two places, and at once decided where the necrosis was situated. The whole visit has greatly relieved Alfred, who awaits the operation with courage and cheerfulness.

Tuesday, 28 May.

* * Yesterday morning, we walked around to Dr. Monfort's and chatted for an hour or more. The Dr. gave me two books to read; Dr. Stanley's Lectures on the Church of Scotland, and his History of the Church in the East. The former I read through yesterday. It is about 300 pp., 8vo. Dr. Stanley belongs to the *broad* church of England. He aims to show that *all* the branches of the Scotch Church are to be recognized as one body: that the Evangelical party, Covenanters, Seceders, etc., were narrow and bigoted in their alienation from the Moderates: that Walter Scott was a great religious teacher; and that Hume and Burns were very probably sincere Christians!

* * *

29th May.

Dearest:

I wrote you a letter yesterday before the Doctor came; and after the operation was performed I telegraphed you of its complete success; that your mind might be freed from the anxiety, which, from my own experience, I knew you would feel.

* * I am happy to say that I threw away what I invested in bi-chromate of morphia; for A. has lain quiet and comfortable. Not a symptom of fever has appeared; and he says his hand has not felt so comfortable for years. If, as I hope, the Doctor has reached and removed the seat of the diseased joint, the whole thing will prove a happy success; and you may congratulate yourself on the *persistency* with which you have urged him to consult Dr. Mussey — a *quality*, by the way, for which you do not always receive the credit you deserve!

As to myself, my knee is entirely restored. Don't be distressed about me. There are bones in me yet.

31 May.

My dear Wife:

* * Nothing can be more soothing than the repose of the Seminary square just now. The birds fill our trees with their sweet music, and, with the sounds of the bus-driver's horn, softened by distance, add to the charm of our surroundings. "Every prospect pleases", and the few gentlemen and ladies here cannot be called "vile". Nothing is wanted but "the light of the home", and the "cub". Al. and I have grand sleep o' nights; though I rise about 5 o'clock in the morning. We retire at 10 P. M., very much to Alfred's amazement. I am in hope of getting him into good habits before he returns to Dayton.

In these sweet surroundings, this cool weather, and this delightful quiet, you may believe that I indulge my usual disposition to read. I shall finish Stanley's Lectures on the Church of the East. It is one of the most fascinating, instructive, and graphic books I have read since perusing the pages of Lord Macaulay. It traces, among other things, the origin and history of your favorites, the Nestorians, or Chaldean Christians. His picture of the Council of Nice (A. D. 325) is perfectly beautiful. * *

This morning we visited the Seminary Library with Prof. Evans, who unlocked for us the hidden treasures — the old Greek and Hebrew and Latin MSS.; of which there are several; some of them exquisitely illuminated; and the rare and costly books, French and English. I shall be glad to show them to you on your return. There are some fine old volumes of engravings accompanying the Explorations made in Egypt by the Savants who followed the fortunes of "Napoleon le grande".

* * *

Aff. Yrs.,

THO. E. THOMAS.

LIV

TO HIS CHILDREN

Northboro, Mass., 5 July, 1872.

My dear Children:

We left home 6:45 A. M., on Thursday last. The morning was delightfully cool, and our ride charming. * * We reached N. about 6 P. M. Friday; and found Grandpa waiting for us. I found Mr. Wilcox just returned to his family, after three months absence. He is a very cultivated, intelligent gentleman, and a pleasant companion. All the family had visited the Colosseum — Gilmore's Musical Peace Jubilee — except Nattie Wilcox. He could not go without an escort: so he and Nat and I set off Saturday noon, and reached the scene at 2:30 P. M. The vast hall covers several acres. It is estimated to seat four and a half acres of people; to seat 40,000; and probably 50,000 were seated and standing there when we reached it. Our first attempt to find a seat brought us into a crowd and a jam out of which we could not extricate ourselves for fifteen or twenty minutes. Nat became quite alarmed; women cried, gentlemen called for the police, who were everywhere, and who soon opened a way of escape. We went to the lower floor, and I held Nat on my shoulders for half an hour while he gazed at the singers. Afterwards we found a place on the main stairway, where we had a good view of the vast crowd, as well as of the singers and musicians. N. and I remained till the close of the exhibition, and then were glad to escape the terrible heat. The thermometer was 98°; some twenty people, male and female, were carried out fainting from our part of the house; and 108 fainted in the course of the afternoon, in the building, who were carried to the police headquarters. This may give you some idea of the pressure and heat. Yet, on the whole, the crowd was one of the most orderly and quiet and polite that I ever saw. There was not one example of rowdyism, or ill-behavior. We heard the Prussian, French, and English bands — the Irish appeared first on Monday — Mad. Leutner (pro-

John C. Thomas

Nathaniel F. Thomas
Miranda May Thomas

Nathaniel F. Thomas

nounced Litener), etc., etc. As to *enjoyable music,* I have often heard what was far more delightful. Mad. L.'s singing was what Al. would call magnificent "squalking": a splendid exhibition of power, compass, and flexibility of voice; the notes clear, soft, and musical; yet on the whole, the five minutes display exciting wonder rather than delight.

Taken altogether, the Musical Jubilee was a monster-humbug; proving what can be done if people will submit to the inconvenience and expense; and giving to hundreds of thousands some idea of what highly cultivated music may be. The band-playing was admirable; if one had been so situated as to enjoy it. For myself, my linen dress was wet throughout, even my pantaloons discolored as if water had been poured on them. My shirt-collar wilted at the first onset, and for the last hour I covered my bald head with my handkerchief often dipped in cold water, instead of a hat, as did scores of others, to avoid congestion of the brain! It was amusing to see young ladies fanning themselves frantically, stout old ladies and portly gentlemen, evidently accustomed to comfortable quarters, looking desperately around for breathing places, while the perspiration rolled off them in streams! The pursuit of music under difficulties!

> "When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
> While yet in early *Greece* she sung."

it is to be hoped that she enjoyed a cooler retreat for "her forceful art" than the Colosseum at Boston.

We reached home on Saturday night, and I found that I was expected to preach for the Baptist minister, Sabbath morning. Happily, the morning was cool, though before noon the thermometer reached 98 again; and as I had purposely left my "notes" at Walnut Hills, I was able, under the shadow of the trees around the Stone Cottage, to gather up a train of thought on a text from which I had never preached before, and which had, therefore, the charm of freshness to myself.

Tuesday morning, July 2nd, we went by rail to Norton, and stopped at the Mansion House, as it is called. We found Leila, Ida and Mary well and happy. Leila had received my letter and remittance. She had concluded, however, from the experience

of other people, who had tried "the Jubilee", to give up the thought of attending. We found the public examinations in progress. I heard part of that on Astronomy. The girls called Urănus, Urā́nus, and confounded Saturn with Mercury, with soft tones and blushes that might have made Jupiter himself smile and pardon the innocent beauties.

The procession of 100 young ladies, dressed in white,— the Seniors in white, with sky-blue bodices and trimmings,— led by the Band, and the Instructors, was the prettiest sight I ever saw in muslin — except your Mother. But the church was *locked* against all comers till the procession approached. Your Ma and I walked down in the cool morning, but could get no admission. Presently I saw the Lady preceptor who had charge of the seating of the audience. I asked her what the arrangements were as to admission, telling her that I was the father of Leila Thomas, and that her mother who had come from Cincinnati to be present, would be glad of a comfortable seat. She replied that as your Ma was lame they would make an exception of her, and ordered the Janitor to open the door. I assisted Ma up stairs to the door, stepping back that she might enter first, when, presto! the moment your Mother entered the door was slapped to and locked in my face. I explained to Cerberus that the lady was *my wife,* and I should be glad if he would let me in, or let her out; but it was no go — he was inexorable, he had his orders, and law was law thereabouts. I sat down on the steps as disconsolate as Apollo's priest in Homer, when "the King of men" had refused him his daughter. Presently a group of young lads, evidently from the neighborhood, with their lasses, approached the door, and after a little parley were admitted without difficulty; although "the procession" had not yet put in an appearance. Presently the Janitor came and told me I might enter. I told him that I had concluded to keep out of that particular "meetin 'us" *forever;* and so I did; like "Mary's little lamb,"

" waiting patiently about
Till wifie did appear".

The exercises closed, of which I heard as much as I cared for outside, at the windows, the procession reformed, and the company,— furnished with tickets from Mrs. Metcalf's office,— gath-

ered in the dining-room for a collation. The afternoon was spent under the fine shade trees of the Seminary, groups of friends chatting together, while the Band discoursed eloquent music.

At night we returned to our Hotel, to rest till 4 A. M., when we were to take the cars. But we were awaked toward 10 by a set of rowdies such as I never saw in Ohio; boys and young men, making night hideous by *serenades* (Sic), firing guns, etc., till I was ready to fire on them. Six or eight took rooms near us in the Mansion House, where they smoked, drank, told stories, and roared, till half past one in the morning. The landlord showed no concern for the comfort of his guests, and at 4 A. M. we gladly left "his precincts", as Miss Fenner would say, again, forever.

We met Mrs. Wait at Norton, Mr. and Mrs. Emerson, Lillie Thomas, Mr. Kimball, etc. Ma, Leila, Nat, Lillie, Mary, and I, with a bevy of beauties from the Seminary, took the home train at Mansfield. We six are here, where Leila will spend a week with her cousins. Three of us go tomorrow to Forrest Hills, where Ma will stay till Nat and I find a seaside retreat. I will go toward Providence, or Stonington, perhaps turn in at Rocky Point if I find suitable quarters. Then, next week, I hope to gather the group round me, and sit down to sea air and study. I have already read not a little. A new book, "Homo vs. Darwin", the case argued before Lord C., an English Judge appointed to arbitrate the cause, has amused me much. *Homo* sues Darwin for *libel,* in affirming that his ancestor was "a hairy quadruped resembling an ape"! I will send you the book by express when I can buy it. This is Mr. Wilcox's.

LV

TO HIS SON

Dennis, Cape Cod, Mass.,
15 July, 1872.

My dear Alfred:

On Monday we took the Old Colony cars for Yarmouth, and reached it at 7 P. M. A carriage which I drove took us four, while a baggage wagon was filled with our five trunks. We reached Mrs. Howes', next door to Capt. Nathan Hull's, at 9 P. M. Mrs. H. having gone on a visit to a neighbor, however, the neighbors gathered around us, hunted up the daughters, and helped us in to the house. Mrs. Howes' husband and son are fishing for mackerel off the Georgian banks, beyond Newfoundland. She has two neat, quiet daughters, of 15 and 9 years. Her house is small, but clean and neat. We are alone here, and that is much pleasanter than to be part of the 16 who fill Capt. Hull's house. If Dr. Nelson and Mr. A. T. Fullerton join us, we shall have all we wish.

Leila, Nat and I, with a score of ladies and girls from other houses, enjoyed our first Sea bath as a family. Leila had never seen the sea till yesterday.

Wed. July 17. I wrote so far yesterday and was called off. The nights are cool here, and our sleep is long and invigorating. At 10 this morning we took our usual bath. Nothing can exceed the convenience of the place for bathing. The water is clear as purity itself; the floor smooth and hard; and the depth increases so gradually that one fears no danger. The remainder of our day, so far, is devoted to meals and books. Today I began Jowett's translation of Plato's Dialogues. Have read Charmides, and Lysis; *Thate* (?) on "Temperance", Soundmindedness, it should rather be called: the Greek σαφροσυνη, the quality which Paul urges upon young men, (Tit. 2, 6) "Young men likewise exhort to be *sober-minded*", σωφρονειν. The Lysis treats of

Friendship. The pictures of Greek life which these dialogues present is curious. With all our "advanced thinking", and boasted progress, where should we find elegant young gentlemen of wealth and leisure who could find pleasure in such philosophic conversations as these? I hope to read most of the pieces in Jowett's four volumes during my sojourn here; but this is only relaxation. My serious business is to read up the literature of the Life of Christ, written since I graduated, in 1834. Strauss published his first *Leben Jesu* in 1835. His aim was to overthrow, by all the arts and power of hostile criticism, the faith of the Gospel. He brings up a prodigious array of learning, gathered from every quarter; yet the gist of his argument is simply a *petitio principii*, or begging of the question. All that is *supernatural* is unscientific, and impossible; therefore the Sacred Records, which are full of the Supernatural, are wholly incredible in their literal sense. They must therefore be regarded as *legendary*, from which such sense must be extracted as one may be able to gather. Dr. Sears' reply to this part of Strauss is good; assuming, somewhat, the doctrine of Argyle's "Reign of Law". Yet Sears' book is deformed by his attempt to make the teaching of the Bible conformable to modern Science; especially where he adopts St. George Mivart's theory of "Derivate creation", a modification of Darwin's Natural selection.

I am astonished the more I read Strauss, at the * * spirit in which he undertakes to "investigate" the case presented by the Evangelists. "Philosophy", "modern thought", has satisfied him that miracles and prophecy are impossible! How then can he, with this fixed "presupposition", fairly *inquire* into the testimony of a Volume which is nothing, if it be not supernatural!

All that Theodore Parker and his school has uttered is but a re-hash of Strauss; and the Tübingen critics. * *

Let us hear from you frequently. Do not leave Walnut Hills until you are entirely healed of your wound. Be patient. Read and think. All send love.

Yr. aff. Father,

Tho. E. Thomas.

LVI

TO HIS SON

Dennis, Cape Cod, Mass.,
22 July, 1872.

My dear John:

Your kind letter of the 17th reached us after dinner today, and was as refreshing as a shower in a warm day.

At 5 P. M. I attended the little church here; and found a small prayer meeting, which I took part in. After service I fell in with an old gentleman who "seemed to be a pillar", and had a long conversation with him on the religious state and history of Dennis. He resembled all old gentlemen since Homer's time in thinking that the former days were better than these. He describes *all* the population of Dennis, 50 years ago, as *"regular meetiners";* coming out to public worship on all occasions. Now, however, "few come to the solemn feasts". The old Pastor, Stearns, many years ago, became a Unitarian, and carried off a part of his flock, who built a house of worship that is now left to the moles and bats. Then a set of Theodore Parkerites, who called themselves Evangelists, set up a sanctuary: the Universalists established a service, but that has gone the way of all the earth. The Wesleyan Methodists bought the house of the "Evangelists"; and last of all, a late Minister persuaded the Methodists, Congregationalists, Unitarians, Universalists, Evangelists, and Nothingarians, to form a *Union Society;* which seems to result in pleasing nobody.

For myself, I am dipping daily into Strauss, Ebrard, Neander, Lange, Ellicott and Stearns; with relaxation in Plato's Dialogues. Socrates was a wonderful old chap. The Athenians must have enjoyed the sharp encounter of men's wits, to listen to such discussions as the Protagoras; but the element of moral earnestness was lacking. How wonderful, in their spirituality, sincerity, earnestness, and suitableness to all capacities, are the

discourses of our *Lord,* when read side by side with these admired Platonic representations of the Socratic dialectics! How true of His *reported* conversations, what was said of his *spoken* ones: *He speaks with authority, and not as the scribes!*

At intervals, to relieve the tedium of my companions, I read Nat's book aloud, Two Years Before the Mast, by Dana. It gives a good inside view of sailor life, and is not adapted to encourage young Americans to hanker after sailor life. It presents, too, an interesting narrative of life on the California coast before the country was annexed to the U. S. Romanism had uncontrolled sway there; no Protestant being allowed to spend more than a few weeks on the coast, unless he belonged to a foreign vessel. (P. 90). This was the case at San Francisco, San Diego, etc. Yet the condition of the people, Spanish and Indian, was degraded and miserable: no education, no morality, no religion, no comfort! Thank God, all that dog-in-the-manger influence of Romanism is gone forever, not only in California, but even in Mexico.

We shall probably leave Dennis for Washington City after two weeks from tomorrow; where your Mother will visit her sister, while I take Nat to visit Dr. MacDermont at Hampton. I never saw Washington, nor Virginia on the Potomac. Perhaps I may never have a more favorable opportunity. My own wish would be bring Leila home, and send her to school nearer us; but she seems anxious to graduate at Norton. The thing is not absolutely determined; but this is the probable issue, when *two ladies,* a wife and daughter, are set upon *one man!*

As to politics, one would not imagine, from all that I have heard, that a presidential election was impending. *Nobody speaks of it.* Except the two men I met at Niantic,— one of whom admitted that he "had *suffered* at Grant's hands",— I have not seen a Greeley man since I left home! That is the simple fact.

LVII

TO HIS SON

Washington City, D. C.
Treasury Department, Solicitor's Office,
13th August, 1872.

My dear John:

Your last reached us on the 11th. While I regret the loss of your company to Hampton, and home, I cannot but approve your reasons. I would hardly give $100 for three weeks enjoyment of this sultry season, with the thermometer at 96° daily. But I am in for it, and must go through. We arrived here on the 7th. I have been doing the Capitol; Saturday the Patent Office. Monday, the Smithsonian, and Agricultural Hall. On Sabbath, I preached to a large congregation in Dr. Sunderland's church, the First Presbyterian. He and his family are away. Dr. Gurley's son, a member of that church, called on us with his mother, and a Mr. Knight, an elder. Many of the regular congregation are absent: but the Metropolitan M. E. Church — President Grant's — near by, having no minister that day, came over to Dr. Sunderland's. I had a very attentive congregation, for an hour and a half, though the thermometer stood at 95½°. I found an old college friend, Rev. Dr. W. W. McLain, for thirty years Secretary of the Amer. Colonization Society, on his sick bed, dying of consumption. I last saw his wife on her bridal tour, in an Ohio steamboat! Now she is grayheaded, and almost widowed! How rapidly the important interval has passed! I called on Mrs. Gurley last evening. She has a pleasant house, a present from her husband's friends and hers. She told me that James M. Ray, of Indianapolis, brother-in-law of Dr. Monfort, is a clerk in one of the Departments here, earning a bare livelihood. I knew him well as Cashier of the Indiana State Bank for years, a man of large means, the best financier of Indiana, an elder in the 1st Church, and the head of one of the loveliest Christian families I ever knew. How strange these views of

life which meet one after long acquaintance with it, and teach a lesson, not to be learned otherwise, of its utter vanity! Last night, there called on us a Mrs. Levy, a sister-in-law of Mrs. Trotter of Xenia, O. Her grandfather was Col. Nicholas, the associate of General Breckenridge, Robert J. Breckenridge's father. Gen. B. and Col. N. were the fathers of the Kentucky Constitution of 1796. Her mother, Miss Nicholas, married a Trotter. The Trotters were among the F. F. K.'s. Mrs. L. is a leading woman in the 2d Church — Dr. Christie's. She was once the next door neighbor and playmate of Henry Clay's children; and when married, was intimate with his family. They say that a large proportion of those who write in the departments are people who have sought refuge here from the shipwreck of better fortunes.

I was quite disappointed by my first view of Washington. The road from Baltimore lies through a broken and barren country: the soil a sandy clay of mingled red and white; and showing the traces everywhere of exhaustion by slave-labor. We enter from the North where the streets are unfinished, and the houses few and far between. The depot stands not two squares from Alfred's house, and twice that distance from the capitol, and over the park in front where the marine band was playing. The whole pile seemed to me low and disproportioned; and the surroundings despicable. I wrote out my first impressions next day in a letter to Lizzie; but concluded afterwards not to send it.

But a more careful survey of the whole city has quite modified these first impressions. Washington lies in a valley unequally cut by the Potomac, and surrounded by hills of moderate height. West of the river, and near by, rise the Arlington Heights, crowned by the mansion once owned by General Lee. The river is a mile wide here; and the ground, which is level and low on this side, rises gradually eastward and northward. The capitol stands on the summit of the rise, of the second plateau one might say; and forms the acropolis of the city. From its several fronts, or ends, run, at right angles, the central streets — East, West, North, and South Capitol Streets. Those running parallel to the East and West Capitol Streets are called A. St., B. St., C. St., etc. Those at right angles to these,

are 1st, 2nd, 3rd, etc. The Avenues, as they are called, radiate from the capitol in all directions; while others run diagonally across the whole city. This mode of street making leaves small triangles at the intersections of streets and avenues; which are fenced into parkettes, and planted with trees; thus establishing breathing spaces in all quarters

The city lies all around the capitol. It was a mere marsh to the southwest when first laid out; and it was believed that the high plateau to the east of the Capitol would be the populous part; so the Capitol faces the east. But Pennsylvania Avenue, "the Avenue", as they call it, stretches out a little north of east from the Capitol to the President's House, a mile distant; a broad and inviting street, along which and to the north of which, the main population settled, in the segment of a circle, included between Maryland and New Jersey Avenues for radii, as marked on the map in a good atlas.

The capitol is a vast and massive edifice: 75 by 325 (?) feet. It stands exactly North and South for length, and facing East. It is a composite of two eras. The old Capitol was built of sandstone, which is painted white, to correspond with the modern addition of wings. These are of cream-colored marble, and are really magnificent in themselves; but the *tout ensemble,* as the French say, is a failure. The wings are too large for the center, and spoil the effect of the whole. It was no doubt contemplated, in building the new wings, that the entire center, or old Capitol, should be removed, and replaced by a larger structure, of marble, proportioned in height to the new wings. The dome, that springs from the centre building, is grand and beautiful. Around the base of the upper member of the dome, are inscribed the words, "E pluribus Unum". This was done under the direction of Jeff. Davis, then Secretary of State; little foreseeing, doubtless, with how deadly a blow at his own ambitious schemes that *UNUM* would be established forever! As I look at the north end, from Alfred's balcony, that *Unum* is the only word I see.

It would require pages to describe the interior of the Capitol.

* * *

The Rotunda is circled with large, historic paintings, none of much merit, but many of them valuable for the historic portraits of revolutionary heroes. De Soto's discovery of the Mississippi fills one compartment. The painter has committed the singular blunder of placing De Soto and his companions on the right bank of the river, as indicated by a floating tree carried by the current root foremost, of course. As De Soto set out from Florida, he could never have reached the right bank of the Mississippi without crossing it. The discovery, therefore, could not have taken place from that side! Perhaps the painter had not read the history of De Soto's expedition.

Well, my sheet shuts me off. We hope to leave for Ohio and home tomorrow. All well and send love.

LVIII

TO HIS CHILDREN

National Military Asylum,
Southern Branch.

Hampton, Va., 23 Aug., 1872.

My dear Children:

I have already written you of our arrival here, and of our pleasant trip down the Potomac. Dr. and Mrs. MacDermont have been exceedingly kind to us. We have had drives over the land, sailing — rowing rather — over the water, and every opportunity to see and enjoy the lions — and bears — of the vicinity. The hot weather, however, has confined our explorations to the mornings and evenings mainly. The country, the people, the buildings, the culture, and to some extent the fauna and flora of land and water, are new to me. First, the land lies low, only a few feet above tide-water at the flood. It is almost one dead level. Only the sandy soil prevents its becoming a morass; but this rapidly absorbs the rain. Not a rock or stone can be found; and in this respect it is wholly unlike Cape Cod, which is equally sandy, but abounds in gravel and rocks. We are here, I believe, in what geologists call the tertiary formation, which begins, I think, in New Jersey, and covers the South Atlantic coast. This low coast, as one might suppose, is penetrated everywhere by arms of the sea — rivers, or creeks, they are called; but are simply the effect of the ocean tides, burrowing — to use Dr. Mussey's medical term — into the land. It is a remarkable proof of this power of the tides that they roll up the Potomac, from the entrance of the Chesapeake Bay, two hundred and twenty miles. So they roll up Delaware Bay, and river, as far as Trenton. It is a striking thing, when one considers it; this penetration of the land to such a distance, twice in 24 hours, by the waters of the ocean, along the whole coast of all the continents.

The waters here are quite shallow, compared with Cape Cod bay. Last night, for example, in rowing over a sheet of water

lying immediately before the Asylum, and stretching away to Craney Island, some miles distant, while yet quite far from land, we ran aground twice with a very light boat. In these shallow waters the oysters are planted and cultivated. The bottom is soft and muddy; the water not over six to ten feet deep; and the surface of the sea near the shore is dotted with sticks like bean poles, which mark the locality of the oyster-beds. Sea crabs abound here. One evening, driving along the beach, we saw a score of colored fishermen, including the numerous lads and boys, who were lying on the scorching sand, waiting the filling of a huge net cast into the sea. At our request, they kindly consented to anticipate the time, and draw the net to shore Its contents, when emptied on the shore, were wonderful to behold: a few fish — mackerel, trout, sprats, (a small fish something like bass), flounders (or skates, as the Cape Codders call them); with an innumerable multitude of crabs of all sizes. These crabs have large claws like our cray fish. Their eyes are projected from the head on a foot-stalk, which they withdraw at pleasure — thus resembling a telescope sliding in or out of its case. As I approached them they reared up on their tail, and flung out their claws in fierce defiance. If I put my finger near them, they struck at me with a force that made the claws snap like a steel trap when I withdrew my finger. They have the spirit of the game cock, and their fighting attitude is amazing, in such little creatures; for the largest are not over six inches long. Crabs in season sell at a dollar a dozen in Washington or Baltimore. Here, just now, they are fed to the hogs. The men use a four or five pronged fork, like a dung fork, which they thrust into the poor crabs, taking six or eight at once to fling into their carts.

There is a new species of crab here — new to me, at least — not over an inch and a half long, and having but one claw, a large one compared with their bodies, which they carry over the shoulder when they walk, as a vagrant violinist might carry his fiddle. Hence they are called fiddlers. We saw hundreds of them running over the sand-beach, as if they were a jolly party going to a dance. Small jelly fish abound here. Their circular, convex, glassy-looking upper surface is marked with brown rays; the sign of radiates, proceeding from the center of that surface.

Their pendant feelers, which hang from the under surface like brown strings, are six to eight inches long. Mrs. Agassiz says that in some of the gigantic species of jelly fish these pendant arms measure three hundred feet.

Vegetation here is rich, arguing strength in the soil not exhausted by bad cultivation. The trees are chiefly pine; the pine forests exhaling a delicious perfume very invigorating to the nervous system. Sycamores are common, and oaks, maple, etc. The laurel is scarce. Sumach, of a more delicate species than ours, abounds. Yesterday, I met a tree like an apple or cherry tree for size, with leaves closely resembling laurel, but with a burr like a miniature chestnut burr. The darky lady before whose door it grew, called it "an acorn tree". I have not learned its true name.

You know that we are here in the very cradle of English-American colonization. At Jamestown, on the James River, the mouth of which is before my window, and at Plymouth, Mass., the earliest English settlements were made in the same year — 1620. The land here has been cultivated, therefore, for two centuries and a half. Tobacco, which Sir Walter Raleigh, the founder of Virginia, first made known to Europeans, has been the staple and the bane of this region. The exhausting nature of "the weed", with slave cultivation, and that means the draining of a soil which is never enriched by manure, has almost ruined the land. Corn is planted here in rows. The hills are as far apart as ours; but only one stalk grows in one hill, where we have three or four; so that the crop — for each stalk bears no more ears than with us — is but one-third of ours per acre. And this is all the land will bear, cultivated as it is. The potato stalks grow "few and far between", and look as if very loosely sowed over the land. Yet the product itself is good in quality. Sweet potatoes are very abundant, and the growth covers the field.

LIX

TO HIS SON

National Military Asylum,
Southern Branch.
Hampton, Va., 24 August, 1872.

My dear John:

Our visit here has been delightful, despite the Autumn heat. In the afternoon, Dr. MacDermont and I resolved to take the starch out of our horse. He walked quietly, and carried us to Gen. Butler's farm, as it is called, six miles distant. The road runs over a level but beautiful country; once covered with fine plantations. We passed two or three pretentious houses, adorned with ample lawns, and grounds filled with trees; cedar predominating; but intermingled with elm, maple, sycamore, walnut, and mulberry. These were formerly the abode of wealth and splendor. Princely parties were held here; the grounds illuminated with lamps, and the groves resounding with festivities. We drove around one, and saw the wretched "negro quarters", still occupied, but far meaner habitations than you ever saw. The darkies have a favorite song — learned in olden days, but still remembered and repeated. It runs thus —

"Nobody knows the trouble I see,
Nobody knows but Jesus".

This is, in fact, the whole song, with a chorus interspersed with variations. How often has that plaintive wail, springing from hearts broken for years, ascended to the ears of the Lord of Hosts! *"God heard their groaning";* (Ex. 2, 24), and the day of vengeance came.

Old Point Comfort, and its vicinity, for years before the war, had been the southern Newport. Here were gathered, every Summer, the crowds of pleasure-hunters; and here the gold wrung from the unpaid toil of thousands of slaves was lavished in luxurious living. A particular bolt of divine vengeance fell here,

therefore, in the day of wrath. Hampton was the seat of wealth and comfort. It was burned by rebel hands on the approach of Gen. Butler. Its two thousand inhabitants were homeless. Before our armies, marching to Big Bethel and Yorktown, all the sympathizers with rebellion fled; and very few of them ever returned. The negroes flocked from all quarters to the protection of our flag. They were driven away in crowds from Sewall's Point by their old masters. Butler welcomed them. He allowed them to cultivate the deserted farms. He built a large one-story frame school house, capable of accommodating several hundred pupils, and an industrial school of like size; where he gathered the children and young folks for education. The result is seen from our porch in the large and beautiful Normal School for colored people, which has divided with Gen. Lee's Washington College at Lexington, the congressional grant of land for general educational use: this school receiving $100,000. Around this school, in different directions, colored people are purchasing land and building homes; neat, two-story frames, well-lighted, tasteful, comfortable; and surrounded with trees, flowers, and gardens. I have seen many negro farms where the dawn of a new era in cultivation is most distinctly visible.

Yesterday, Dr. McD. and I visited the Butler farm, as I said. The General bought two hundred acres of land from a resident here, and settled on it the slave families expelled from Sewall's Point. He has portioned it out in lots, to be paid for in time by the colored purchasers. We passed two streets of huts, each a single room, but tenanted by a whole family. We spoke to many of them. All were wretchedly poor; yet industrious, and happy. We visited the patriarch, a white-headed, white-bearded man of eighty years. He is infirm and almost helpless; but clear-headed, warm-hearted, near home, and he knows it. We had a long conversation on the past. I never saw more sensibility, modesty, and gratitude than he manifested. He is a Methodist; but when I had read a chapter of Hebrews, he followed my Presbyterian prayer with as fervent and earnest ejaculations of "Amen" and "bress de Lord", as if I had been a Methodist. He parted from

us with a simple and affectionate expression of his belief that we shall meet in heaven. I found that my noble friend, the Doctor, is well known to all these people; upon whom he has bestowed not a little gratuitous medical practice.

Well, my fourth sheet is full; but my head and heart are fuller.

LX

TO HIS SON

Lane Seminary, 10 Oct., 1873.

My dear John:

Just before the opening of our term, I had a serious attack of what I suppose to have been neuralgia affecting the stomach. The severe pain abated in a week; and after losing one Sunday, I resumed my usual work. But the full Seminary labors — we have over 50 students on the ground — added to my regular summer labors in the church, coming upon me in my weak state, I have been slow to recover the tone of my stomach: and when the furnace burns low the locomotive runs sluggishly.

Of course I am overworked. I knew that I should be when I assumed the care of this church; for I cannot do things by halves; cannot run on one wheel, as the rivermen say. And until the church at large provides an endowment for my chair, I must either do double work, to support myself in the Seminary, or resign my professorship.

Tell Mr. Cummin we shall warmly welcome him again, and share our Sabbath services with you both. I preach my fifth sermon on the Life of our Lord, day after tomorrow, on the Baptism of Jesus.

As to the rotary eldership, my judgment is decidedly against it; as it is against a rotary ministry. I believe it will do more harm than good. One of our best city pastors, whose church some two or three years ago adopted the rotary system, said, lately in our ministers' meeting, that the system, so far as he had observed it, had worked nothing but mischief. I found this church about equally divided on that subject: some wishing an election of temporary elders, and some decidedly adverse to it. I think the first step I took, which was to postpone any decision

of the matter until the assembly shall come to some definite conclusion on it, was a long step toward peace and prosperity. I would advise your church to let well-enough alone. "Let us have peace". If an elder wishes to retire, the way is clear. But Mr. Ḥaas ought not to think of withdrawing. And if the church wish any elder laid on the shelf, the way is also clear.

God guide you.

LXI

TO HIS SON

Lane, 21 Oct., 1873.

Dear John:

Yours of yesterday reached me this morning. Thanks. I am glad that our church rejected rotary Eldership. Mr. Mulford showed his good sense in arguing that although the rotary system once prevailed in Scotland, it had been laid aside because it worked badly. That is the simple fact. And the rotary system never was in use in this country, in the Presbyterian body. I am glad that Mr. Henry Brown pursued the moderate course. No such decided novelty should be introduced, at any rate, unless by common consent.

Mr. J. B., whom you name, will make a very good Elder. Mr. G. B. I do not know. Jno. Stoddard, Jno. Edgar, Mr. Barnett, Johnson Bradford, are four good names. The choice of Elders more closely concerns the prosperity of a church than the choice of a (modern) pastor; for the latter is *sure* to be *rotated,* while the former are stationary.

* * *

Your mother and I go to the city today to dine with the Pounsfords, old friends of ours at Hamilton. Mrs. P. is a daughter of the late James Graham, who owned a paper mill below Hamilton. His widow, now at St. Louis, called on us this week. After all, there are no friends like old friends. As Lamb says, in his Elia essay on Christ's Hospital, "Oh, it is pleasant, as it is rare, to find the same arm linked in yours at forty, which, at thirteen helped it to turn over the Cicero de Amicitia". My school-boy chums are all gone: but I am thankful that an arm linked in mine at 28 still clings to me at 60. May you enjoy the same felicity 33 years hence!

My love to all we love.

Yr. aff. Father,

Tho. E. Thomas.

LXII

TO HIS SON

Parsonage, Walnut Hills,
Cinti., O., 23 Dec., 1873.

My dear John:

Your kind and welcome letter should have been answered sooner; but I seem to have no leisure. The church news which it contained was agreeable. I should be sorry to see the Dayton people running after self-sent "Evangelists". No doubt the Lord sometimes sends rare agents, in a low state of religion, singularly fitted to arouse a slumbering church, and to startle a world of dying sinners; men such as Whitefield, the Wesleys, and others. But these are "like angel's visits, few and far between." The history of the church has shown that more harm than good is done by that class of men who set themselves up as "revivalists". They unsettle the minds of the people, and weaken their confidence in the ordinary and stated means of grace. They tend to make religion consist in exciting feeling, rather than in godly living. They fill the church with "wood, hay and stubble"; rather than "gold, silver, and precious stones".

Yet, *a genuine revival of religion* is of all things the most needed now. The life of the church lies in that power of the Spirit which creates a true revival, pouring new life into the souls of men from the Fountain of life. Such marked accessions of spiritual life have characterized her history, ever since the Pentecost. Milner's church history is valuable in this respect, that it traces the "Effusions of the Spirit" in the successive ages, from Pentecost to the Reformation. Such revivals are deep-seated, wide-spread, enduring. They affect the life of a generation, or of successive generations. Only such a refreshing from on high can save the coming generation from indifference, infidelity, and atheism. The Lord send help speedily.

You know that I am sixty-one years old today. In a review of that long period,— so I once thought it, but it has fled like a

shadow,— I see much to bless God for; an unbroken stream of mercies; goodness and mercy following me and mine like a river. On my side, I see an unbroken stream of imperfections and shortcomings; "my goodness extendeth not unto Thee". On the whole, a progress toward heaven, and a daily increasing desire to enter that "better country, even the heavenly". Oh that I, and all that are dear to me, may meet there, in unclouded light, to survey together the paths of the divine life by which we have been brought thither, and to praise the grace that redeemed us!

Still, there may remain, even for me, years of labor, or of suffering. I am thankful that,— sixty years short of Moses' time of life, to be sure,—"my eye" is "not dimmed", nor my "natural force abated". I write and read without glasses; and I am about to take my first rest for eighteen months; not having left these hills since last July a year; and having preached every Sabbath, morning and evening, save one, (when sick last August), besides discharging my full duty as Professor. But sixty one is not forty one; and I need rest. We leave tomorrow by the C., H. & D. Shall we meet you at the depot?

LXIII

FROM HIS DAUGHTER

On the Death of Her Son

Maysfield (near Dayton, O.), Apl. 26, 1874.

My dear Father and Mother:

We thank you very much for the kind letters of sympathy that have reached us at different times, Father's coming last night. I have thought every day of writing you; but both Lizzie and myself have been quite worn out this week; and when able to do anything, there has been so much to do in thoroughly cleaning my room, bed-pillows, etc., to fit it for the little baby to go back into. I undressed to go to bed but twice during the three weeks; and as I gave him all the medicine myself, and applied all the remedies of every sort, I never slept more than, and seldom as much as, two hours together.

But Lizzie was more worn out than I, and did not sleep for several nights after the baby's death, except by snatches. She has been in no condition, and I was not willing to have her go home until she had recruited a little.

There is no need to tell you, as you have gone through with it, what a terrible sickness it was. The verses that have struck me most — We are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled, etc. Who knoweth the power of thine anger? — express it. The power of the anger of God that consumed that poor little body with a fiery poison; so that when it was ended no one could recognize a feature of the beautiful child that had been the pride of the house! But God is still merciful, and it is real comfort to believe that in that awful hour, the living soul was saved from more fearful ravages by the atonement of Christ.

Although very ill from the first, he did not have the worst form of the disease apparently, for his throat was never ulcerated; but finally the glandular swelling outside (one had been

Lindsay Marc Parrott Mary Virginia Farmer Katherine Gorringe
Lawrence Augustus d'Arcy Parrott Mary May Gorringe

(Reading from left to right)
Edith May Parrott, Elizabeth Rogers Thomas, Katherine Parrott,
Elizabeth K. Parrott, Mary Sering Kemper, Mary May Thomas

severe and obstinate for ten days), met as with a band of iron and closed his breath. The poor little brain that had looked out so bright and clear from all the misery at last gave way, and for a day and night was bewildered: but as he lay the last morning, the eyes that had crossed, were again perfectly straight and clearly intelligent. I thought he recognized us all; and I continued to say little things to him, for I felt sure he heard, and might perhaps get a little comfort from earthly love as he passed through a valley whose darkness he could not understand.

Up to the last two days I felt hopeful about him. His constitution was so fine, and most of the time he drank his milk as eagerly as when well. It seemed to me that he ought to pull through; and I strained every nerve for three weeks to save his life, by the best nursing I could give; and the most careful applications of the Doctor's remedies. But all in vain. He has joined his baby sister in heaven. Her loss was, however, only a feather to this. She was a beautiful little creature; but too young to have engaged our affections as he had: and then she had not been missed from a home she never entered. Little Edwin developed very fast after you saw him Christmas, said everything, and sang like a bird. His bright intellect, and big, warm heart seemed to give extraordinary promise for the future. But there must be some special work for which such children are wanted, or so many of them would not be taken. His last sentence to me was, "I love mamma gut (good)", and the last line he sang on earth —"Glory to God on high", every word distinctly sung, as he joined in one of his favorite hymns. * * *

Please excuse this poor writing: my hand is unsteady.

With much love, your Daughter,

Mary M. Parrott.

NOTE — Mary May, infant daughter of Col. and Mrs. E. A. Parrott, was born and died in Germany.

Mrs. Henry S. Mead and Daughter
Jane Head Mead

Linda Roger Davis, Kathleen Woolson Davis
Elizabeth Ann Phillips

Allen Perry Lovejoy, Jr.

LXIV

TO HIS DAUGHTER

Middlebury, Vermont,
July 24th, 1874.

My dear Lizzie:

We are indebted to you for a very faithful correspondence; and nothing is so cheering, among strangers, as good news from home, and plenty of it.

Let me say, first, that Dr. Smith has not accepted the Presidency of Middlebury College, as I wrote you. We met the statement in the newspaper, at Albany, and were assured of its truth when we arrived here. But Dr. Smith called on Monday, and showed me his letter to the College Board, in which he declines the appointment. I was glad to learn that he will probably continue with us at Lane Seminary while he can render service; I trust as long as I remain at Walnut Hills.

As to Mr. Bellamy, my Diary shows this record; "Sat. Mar. 28. Pd. Bellamy in full $6.00". You remember I gave you $30.00, and you paid Kay & Bellamy that day, being on your way to Dayton, I believe. I asked you on your return, and you said you had paid both bills. Still, if Bellamy cannot be satisfied with this record, pay him again; he is a poor man, and I would not have him think I am his debtor.

Nat is improving his time both in work and play. His health is better. He boats, and fishes and swims, etc., etc. He commits a page of Webster's dictionary daily, and writes a spelling lesson in a book; reads in Scott's poems; learns a chapter in Mrs. Willard's Republic of America; and promises to begin Geography. By the way, Mrs. Emma Willard, so celebrated for her Female Seminary at Troy, N. Y., began the school in Middlebury: afterwards removed it to Waterford, N. Y. She began what she called the germ of her Female Seminary; — and she claims to have originated the feminine application of the

word seminary — in Middlebury, in 1814. In 1819, she transferred to Waterford, and in 1821, to Troy, N. Y. In 1857 it had three hundred and thirty pupils, from every State in the Union, and from Canada. Her History of the Am. Republic, and her Botany, are well known text books. She says that she sent out two hundred teachers from Troy "before one was educated in any public normal school in the United States"; and that hers "is fairly entitled to the honor of being the first normal school" in our country. Judge Swift's History of Middlebury, Chapter XXIV, contains a good history of her Seminary. Thompson's History of Vermont, (I have met with here), gives a similar account. The College, and the Female School, in Middlebury, both began with the Century, in 1800. Mrs. Willard's portrait in Judge Swift's book shows her a very beautiful and intellectual lady.

By the way, I saw in a stone-cutter's shop here, yesterday, an old, odd, folio volume, (one of five or six that made the set), which a Vermont soldier picked up while in Richmond, Va., during the war, and brought home in his Knapsack. It was Peter Bayle's Biographical Dictionary, vol. 2nd.

A Dieu! Au revoir.

Affectionately your father,

THO. E. THOMAS.

"AT THE LAST"

"The stream is calmest, when it nears the tide,
And flowers the sweetest, at the Eventide,
And birds most musical, at close of day,
And Saints divinest, when they pass away.

Morning is lovely, but a holier calm
Lies folded up in Evening's robe of balm:
And weary man must ever love her best,
For Morning calls to toil, but night to rest.

She comes from heaven, and on her wings doth bear
A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer:
Foot-steps of angels follow in her trace,
To shut the weary eye of day in peace.

All things are hushed before her as she throws
O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose:
There is a calm, a beauty and a power,
That Morning knows not, in the Evening hour.

"Until the Evening" we must weep and toil,
Plow life's stern furrow, dig the weedy soil:
Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny way,
And bear the heat and burden of the day.

Oh! when our sun is setting, may we glide,
Like Summer Evening, down the golden tide;
And leave behind us as we pass away,
Sweet starry twilight round our sleeping clay".

OBIIT 1875

"We who till then in thy shade
Rested as under the boughs
Of a mighty oak, have endured
Sunshine and rain as we might,
Bare, unshaded, alone,
Lacking the shelter of thee."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.
Lines written in Rugby Chapel.

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